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WILSON
IN TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD.BY G. WALTER THORNBURY.
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It is a certain August afternoon (three o'clock), 1774, that we see a tall, stout man, with a large, coarse head, and red, swollen features, standing feebly and mournfully at a crossing in Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square. It is in this street that fretful Cumberland, the dramatist, lives; Malone—Shakspeare Malone—and Fuseli, the Swiss, will come here presently.

The stout gentleman, who we see has a red and blotchy face, wears a rough, neglected wig, with a club tail; his dress is neglected, his dingy cocked-hat is hind before. It is Mr. Wilson, the great landscape-painter; he is just come, I think, from his friend, Mr. Wilton's, up the street. Wilton is a good, dull, portly, courteous man, slightly pompous, and a tremendous dresser; and with his gold-headed cane, and powdered bag-wig, as much in manner unlike that rough Welshman, Wilson, as the *roué* Duke of Richelieu was like an English farmer. He is a very great man, sir; and what is more, a rich man, and an Academician! the sun shines on his house, sir, all day through. Johnson and Reynolds meet at his table; and he is the well-known perpetrator of General Wolfe's monument in Westminster Abbey—a monument which discloses the not generally known fact, that that brave young general fought at Quebec in his shirt and stockings, to set an example to his troops. Everything goes well with Wilton, who is Barry's great enemy; and the rumour runs that his pretty daughter, whom Dr. Johnson ponderously flirts with, is going to be married to Sir Robert Chambers, who, with his lawyer's tongue, is persuading her to go to the East with him.

Do you see, as Wilson drops his handkerchief from his ludicrous, red, cauliflower nose, that he asks that smart little boy returning from school to help him cross the road. "Little boy, let me lean upon your shoulder to cross the way." The boy—a complete little Tommy-and-Harry boy, with square cut coat, little knee-breeches, a cocked-hat, and a satchel on his back—kindly helps him, with happy eyes, and a pretty flush on his healthy cheek. That boy is John Thomas Smith, one of the most delightful gossips about old things England ever knew. He will be one day a clever artist, and a pupil of Nollekens; will die Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum, and will tell this story thirty years hence in one of his pleasant jumbles of books.

I tell you what poor Wilson is going to do: he is not going back to that sorrow-stricken garret of his, crowded with unsaleable landscapes, in Tottenham Street, Tottenham-Court-Road; but he is going, by appointment, to the rope-walk avenue of elms, in Union Street, to meet Baretto, the Italian, Johnson's friend. They will walk there till five—friend Wilton's dinner-hour—strikes from the turret of Portland Chapel. Baretto is a short, squat, round-shouldered, purblind man; and Wilson, you see, is tall and square-built, with a Bardolph nose. They will both pace about under the trees, to get an appetite: Wilson with his handkerchief up to hide his nose; Baretto, the squat, with his stick behind his back, as if he was tied to it. If there was more time, "red-nosed Dick," as the coarser tavern men call him, would be off to his friend, the Long Acre shoemaker, who keeps one window to exhibit his buckled shoes, and the other kindly to exhibit friend Richard's classical landscapes, which he tries so hard, and generally so unsuccessfully, to sell. To my certain knowledge there is a 'Cicero's Villa,' and a 'Tomb of the Horatii,' gathering dust there now, just as they have been doing for two months—ever since June, in fact. The broad and free pictures of the "English Claude" do not sell. Sublime they are; but I don't know how it is, shoes go much faster than Cicero's Villas. Wilson, after a glass or two of porter, accounts for it in this clear way: his pictures being deep-toned, require a very strong light to show them off. Now we all know very well that this August has been very rainy and dark; friend shoemaker shakes his head, and thinks there is no doubt about it—that is how it is; so think Mrs. Shoemaker and Miss Shoemaker.

But Wilson—the fact is—is rather sanguine and happy to-day, for he won one and two-pence yesterday at skittles, at the Adam and Eve public-house, just out of Tottenham-Court-Road; and he has made an arrangement to go and meet his old pupil Brookes to-morrow, at his favourite haunt, the Farthing Pie-House, in the New Road—the house Price, the salt-box player, keeps. There he can have his pot of porter and toast better than at Sir William Beechey's grand house, or opposite his 'Niobe' at Wilton's. There he can balance the fourteen-pound ball, throw his "skivers," scatter the "dead wood," or knock down the whole army of pins with a shattering broadside. And another bit of good luck—a more professional bit of luck—is that his friend, Mr. Paul Sandby, a great drawing-master, and one of our earliest water-colour painters, has just sold for him a portfolio of Italian drawings, so that he literally rolls in money (£10), and will have porter and skittles for months to come; unlimited porter, and abundant skittles, to the great reddening of his nose, and the beneficial development of his biceps. He only gets £15 for a three-quarter picture—heaven gods, Apollo in the clouds, and all; so £10 is a gracious sum. True, they were Wilson's finest drawings—the work of his eight or nine years in Italy; when Zuccarelli and Vernet praised him, and he imitated Marco Ricci, who painted at Burlington House. Why, there was a Raphael Villa, with Wilson himself in a bag-wig, and that green satin and gold lace waistcoat that he used to attend St. Martin's Lane Academy in, drawing, seated on the ground.—But there, let it go; porter is good, and skittles are good, and not to be had, either of them, on credit.

Ah! how little he knows that Paul Sandby showed those drawings to half the fops and *dilettanti* in London, praised them to dozens of noblemen and ladies, but they would none of them; they wanted high-finished Cipriani Venuses, and could not understand mere clever hints and sketches by a little-known and un-

popular painter. So he—kind Paul—bought them for himself.

Thou hast had but a sorry life of it, Richard Wilson, thou son of the Montgomeryshire clergyman, lately, making half-crown sketches for the pawnbrokers, in thy Tottenham-Court-Road garret; there, with thy hard, truckle bed, dirty table, rickety chair; with thy single brush, thy faithful easel, an empty pewter pot thy only chimney ornament. Everything has been going wrong—that makes the present good fortune all the more cheering. How delightful is a blink of sun after a week of November rain! The Academy does nothing for thee: the chief object of the institution of that body seems to be the starvation of artists; for they let great men die in garrets; and all the world, thinking the Academy tries to discover and protect genius, lets it die unheeded. Poor Dick, as Sandby calls him, he has just been defeated by Smith, of Chichester, who snatched the Royal Society's prize from him. Wright, of Derby, with his fire-light scenes, and Barret, the dullard, get large prices; while he has to paint a 'Ceyx and Alcyone' for a pot of porter and half a Stilton cheese. Ye gods, is this fit! Barret to get two thousand a year, and Smith, of Chichester, to carry off prizes, and the great Wilson, the English Claude, almost to beg a dinner! Why, if you will believe me, it was only yesterday the broken-hearted man went into the Long Acre shoemaker's, and finding the 'Villa of Mæcenas' did not sell, he went home and struck off a 'Celadon and the Nymphs,' and took it off wet, "then and there," to a pawnbroker in the Oxford Road. He was sinking to the savage—to the Pawnee. The sordid wretch, fat and well-dressed, rubbed his hands, looked pleased, and then looked downcast. A pot of porter was sent for, from the Angel and Trumpet, and chirping over his liquor, the broker grew more friendly. Suddenly he rose, this sordid broker, and waving his hand like the warning ghost in "Hamlet," bade Wilson follow him up stairs. Wilson, with the porter wet on his lips, and the picture wet under his arm, followed into a garret full of 'Villas of Mæcenas' and 'Tivolis.'

"There," said the broker, with a pitying smile; "look ye, Dick, you know I likes to oblige a friend, and have sold ye many a picture for ten guineas, ay, and fifteen; but look, there they are—all I have paid you for for three years."

I don't think Wilson said a word as he went down stairs, but pressed the broker's hand, threw a soiled red handkerchief over the 'Villa of Mæcenas,' and left the house to steal back again to that other barer garret in the lodging on the road to Tottenham. As he leaves, the slam of the door of one of the pawnbroker's bins sounds to him like the slam of the door of a vault. I almost think the poor old fellow would have sat down on a door-step and wept, had he not at this moment seen the tremendous gilt coach of President Reynolds turning the corner, its panels glowing with pictures; so Wilson hides his 'Villa of Mæcenas' under his coat, cocks his hat jauntily, shoulders his cane, and marches on, *au grand seigneur*. As the coach disappears, we may pardon the old Adam that prompts him to step into the Angel and Trumpet, and discuss another foaming pot of porter.

Now he is home in the garret: he unties with his teeth the tough knot in the red Bandana, and holds the 'Villa of Mæcenas' self-inquiringly to the light. He wants to know why it does not sell, and he "swears dreadful," as the garret servant, who is passing, and hears him "a-talking to 'isself," relates down stairs.

"A little dead," he says, "from having been painted on that sort of dark brown

priming the Carnacci and the Poussins used. Rather a change since I drew this one April morning, 1754, twenty years ago—the day the Duke of Gloucester gave me one hundred guineas down for the ‘Apollo.’ Ay! I see it now again: there is the convent of the Jesuits among the cypresses; there was where we had lunch with the three earls and Lord Bolingbroke; that spring on the left is Horace’s Blandusian fountain; there was his Villa, behind those trees on the left, where we had our Frontignano and cold chicken.”

“Rather a change!” and the poor painter flung himself on his bed, face downwards, and sobbed like a child that has lost its mother.

An hour, and he is up at his easel; sleep revives us for fresh conflicts with care, as the earth-contact did Antæus when he fell. Dick’s day will come, he will be great yet; he feels an angel whispering it at his heart. Yet still it is very dark; the bit of blue is, God knows, very small: rent due, and only some pound or so to pay it and live on: and then the King refusing the ‘Kew Gardens,’ one of the simplest, purest bits he has ever painted—well!

He gets old too—sixty; sight not so good, touch not so sure, but effect better. Finish soon—yet still eight or nine years more life in him; and this ‘Bridge of Narni’ must be finished for Mr. Waleh, the magistrate. He works standing, in a cap and gown; he uses chiefly one stubby brush, and few colours; he gives the bridge but a few touches at a time, and then goes to the window, and looks out into Tottenham Street, to (as it were) wash and restore his eye by pure daylight. Sometimes he steps to the furthest corner of the garret, and looks with mournful satisfaction at the picture. Niobe could not be sadder than that widow lady’s poor painter is now.

What is the poor Welshman thinking of, as he backs up against the door to look at his picture, and instead of running forward and putting that touch of grey on the tree-trunk, stops there and rests, with his careworn face and flaming Bardolph nose pointing towards his picture? He is thinking of all the last year’s insults and vexations: how Zoffany had drawn him in his caricature of the Academy with a pot of porter at his elbow, but erased it when Wilson bought a cudgel, and swore he would break it on the back of the fellow. He is thinking of how that mean cheat, Jones, once asked him to see a large landscape he had painted, when lo! to his astonishment, what does he see (his portentous nose reddening as he sees), but his Temple of Venus up there to the left on a rock.

“How—how!” he said, “why, Mr. Jones, you’ve been and stolen my temple!”

“Is it too dark, sir?” says felonious Jones, innocently.

“Black as thunder, of all conscience!” said he (Wilson), stamping down stairs, angrily. That very day, too, he had to let down a peg, and leave his noble old rooms in the Covent Garden Piazza.

Then the last pang—worst of all: a week ago, when our old pupil, young Griffith, of Lampeter, runs up to tell his old master he has found a rich Welsh lady of his acquaintance who wants two good landscapes; she is below—she will come up. There is a rustle of satin up the grimy stairs, a shuffling about of grimy, lodging-house servants, and, beautiful as a Parisian Venus, smiling like the dawn, in sails the Honourable Mrs. Howell Davis, of Tredegar House, Monmouthshire. Wilson is grand and affable in his painter’s turban and flowered dressing-gown; Griffith is all anxiety and eulogy: he turns over the dusty stacks of pictures, selects a ‘Bridge of Rimini’ and a ‘Rosamond’s Pond,’ to show the great man’s two manners; keeps the Honourable Mrs.

Davis well up by the door, for fear their rough jumble of paint should alarm her. He puts them in proper lights; he rubs them, sponges them, points out their beauties. All he wonders at—the gay, rich, good-natured student, pleased to do a kindness—is, that Mr. Wilson seems so little elated; he will not even sparkle up and tell his story of how, when he first saw the great avalanche of water at Terni, he exclaimed involuntarily, “*Well done water, by G—!*” The lady is delighted: it took away her breath at first, now she speaks, — “Wonderful! merveilleux!” Her broken English is quite pretty. “Does Mr. Wilson never go to routs or dinners? does he not visit the *haut ton*? might she not hope to have her *salons* honoured by such a genius?” This is froth; but she ends by bravely ordering two scenes near Tivoli, at forty guineas each. She must be off—she must tear herself away, for she promised to meet the Miss Lacquers at Boydell’s Gallery at two o’clock; her repeater has just struck two, and it is to the Strand twenty minutes’ drive.

She rustles down, Griffith is following, but a quivering hand detains him. The door slams, the wheels roll away, Wilson sits down on his bed, and drags the kind young beau to a seat beside him.

“Mr. Wilson, are you ill?—shall I ring for a doctor?”

“No, Mr. Griffith,” said the old man, looking earnestly into the eyes of his friend, “I am well, but I must, before you go, tell you that your kindness has been in vain—I am destitute—I have not money to buy even canvas and colours for these commissions!”

With a thousand exclamations of regret and surprise, the young man put twenty guineas into Wilson’s hand, and left the house thoughtful. He was a hopeful, rich young dilettante, but this made him pause. That night he said to himself, “If Wilson, with all his genius, starves, what death can I expect to die?” He rose, locked up his palette and brushes in a cupboard, started the next morning for college, and rose to eminence in that not very encouraging profession, the Church.

Then another bitter mortification arises before Dick in this dissolving view of misfortune. He is still leaning against the garret door, but the scene is as clear as though it were now happening. It is a week ago—memory has strong wings, and flies fast. He, the poor neglected painter, is at the annual Academy dinner, where patrons and toadies for once meet on an equality. Wilson would rather be at porter and skittles, for he does not like the courtly, time-serving, prudent Reynolds; and Reynolds does not like him, for he is rough and frank, and poverty and misfortune have made him dangerously sincere. Suddenly the clatter of knives and forks, and the jingle of glasses, die away. The President is on his legs; he proposes a toast; every stupid eye turns towards him. Sir Joshua proposes the health of Mr. Gainsborough, “the best landscape-painter.” Half a dozen men turn and smile or sneer at Wilson. The personality is felt, and has struck the broad target. Wilson turns purple with rage, and growls out very loud, “And the best portrait-painter, too!” Reynolds is one of those men who bows when you pass the unbuttoned foil clean through his heart; but Wilson groans, and screams, and struggles, like your ordinary, unsophisticated human being. The President is overwhelmed with regrets. If he had but known Mr. Wilson, the landscape-painter, had been present! Far was it from him to reflect on any branch of the art he loved so much! He tendered Mr. Wilson his sincerest apologies! I’ll tell you what the President has done,—he has struck Wilson between the eyes, and then runs to get him vinegar and brown paper. Sympathy is

never pleasant to a proud man; but to a proud, soured man, and from the author of his injuries and the encourager of his neglects,—no!

Wilson is a brave, honest man, he will not smirk and bow, and appear to forgive, when the sting of the blow is still on his face. He grumbles and growls like distant thunder; turns from the successful man, and goes on talking to sturdy Beechey, at whose house he visits, and whose pretty daughters he is so glad to find do not learn drawing, “for now all young ladies draw.” When the party breaks up (Reynolds, who cannot draw, has been great on Michael Angelo, who could not colour), Wilson is quite mobbed with Academicians, who tell him how wrong and unworldly has been his behaviour. The President likes flattery and condescension,—Wilson should have expressed his anxiety to see Sir Joshua’s last portraits, and his favourite Rubenses. Bah! Wilson “hated the fellow, with his airs and graces, the flattering face-painter.” Wilson has not forgotten the blow. He is too poor to be a Christian: forgiveness is for rich, happy, successful men, like Reynolds. The President has gone home full of regret at having injured a clever man’s feelings. He will not sleep to-night.

Regret!—not he! Reynolds is one of those smooth smoulderers, who bear small injuries for years, and die without forgiving them. He knows he is but a portrait-painter, and is sensitive and jealous of all other excellence. He is rich but not satisfied. Years after, when Wilson is dead,—broken-hearted in Wales—his heart-strings snapping in the sudden sunshine of success,—Reynolds will vent the hoarded spite of ten years, and will sneer at Wilson’s ‘Niobe,’ and the little Apollo up in clouds that will not support him. He will call the poor dead man “our ingenious Academician,” and talk of his injudicious mistakes in admitting supernatural objects in landscapes, too real and too like common nature. He will throw wet blankets on the ‘Niobe,’ by calling it, coldly, “a very admirable picture of a storm.”

What! this from Reynolds, who stole attitudes from old engravings; and thought he had turned Mrs. Siddons into a Muse, because he lit some damp straw under her armchair!

These gloomy contemplations of Wilson’s are interrupted by a pompous knock at the lower door. It opens,—there is a buzz of loud, asserting voices, and the sound of many feet is heard on the stairs. It is a deputation from the Academy. There is Penny’s voice, and there Moser’s; there is Way, the R.A., who painted the great Shakspeare sign near Drury Lane, and a host of honoured talent. They come to tell him, perhaps, that Hayman, Hogarth’s friend, is dead, and he is to be the new Librarian. They bow and shake hands; sit down they cannot, for how can ten fat men sit on one chair? They begin talking. Wilson “begs—excused—go on—not much time:” on he goes with the temple and the illexes. He sees no good in their hard faces and shrugging shoulders, as they look at his easel. They have come to say, on behalf of the whole Academy, that they are sorry, that they deeply regret, that Mr. Wilson, with all his natural genius, so much neglects the lighter graces of style. They were sorry to see so clever a man imprisoning himself in what they might almost call a garret. (The speaker here looks round, and all the deputation repeat the word *garret*, shaking their heads deprecatingly.) Austere seclusion without society was not beneficial to the mind. Light diet, and the repeated use of beer instead of wine, was not beneficial to genius. In fact, they one and all agreed that no hope was left for Mr. Wilson but to finish higher, and more in the Berghem manner, tempering the severity of his style with the

more playful grace of that great Italian, Zuccarelli.

If you have ever heard a man cheated at skittles (as Wilson has) turn round and open a sudden battery of oaths and abuse at his conquerors, you have heard all that Wilson said now.

With ruffled plumes, and angry looks, and frightened oburgation, the embassy return to those who sent them, and at once agree that Mr. Wilson, being an obdurate and senseless advocate of a dead system of Art, must be at once discountenanced and given up,—and he is given up accordingly.

At last, in the winter of his days, Providence sends a meagre ray of cold sunshine to light our poor, broken-down genius to the grave. A brother dies, and leaves him a small estate down in Wales; and, suddenly, the legacy assumes a greater value than expected; for a vein of lead is found in the grave. It is almost a mockery this good fortune: it is something like digging a beggar's grave, and discovering a gold mine where the pauper's coffin is to lie. Fortune has come, and finds the old man unable to enjoy it. His eyes are going, his touch is now coarse and heavy, he has pains in the side, his spirits are lost long ago; he is now a soured, broken-down, helpless old man, wanting only to die in peace in his native country. Fortune has sent him gold, and a coffin to hold it. He goes, in a glimmer of revived spirits, to ask his kind, hearty friend, Sir William Beechey, if he has any commands for Wales. His speech falters as he bids him adieu—the friend of his adversity. He groans with a sudden influx of pain, pressing his side as he groans. After all, the garret in Tottenham Road was not so bad, it was only the misery made it seem so; now the old man, buckling up his easel and canvases, almost weeps to leave it.

He is down safe in Denbighshire—in the pure, bright air again, just as when the old clergyman his father applauded him for drawing the clerk's portrait on the white wall of the kitchen; old women in hats knitting again; the rough, liquid, rocky speech too. He is in a landscape country, and is a great man really, as he had so long dreamed of being. He is the great painter down here, and no rival for one hundred miles. He is loved, and every one smiles and bows when he approaches. Cows are stopped for him to sketch, the very goats seem to know him.

"Bottom, you are translated!"

Was that all a dream, then, about that loathsome garret, where the walls were alive, and the blue sky was shut out with screens of drying clothes, and brown clouds from the breathing chimney-pots; about that hard pawnbroker; that lady, whose bright silks made your poor room look so doubly sordid by comparison? Skittles and porter now to be had for wishing, and a region, more beautiful even than your dreams, living round you as you live. Happiness came late, but still it has come. Oh that Sir William Beechey were here to enjoy it! No Apollos, it is true, are here, but, then, plenty of Joneses; no Meleagers, but heaps of Griffithses; and then for temple and Tiber, clear mountain stream gurgling content, and fern brake, and giant corner-stones of mountain granite. The right man in the right place at last—the landscape-painter living in his landscape; the young flowers, ever young, whisper comfort to him; cool evening brings its balsam dew; the oak trees whisper consolation; his heart was all but broken in the long struggle, he was but one step from the gulf, but here comes the luminous hand to snatch him safe.

He laughs, and tells his Welsh friends how Wright of Derby—famous Wright—used to

offer to exchange pictures with him, and he used always to say, "with all my heart, Wright; I'll give you air, and you give me fire"—because Wright painted glorious candle-light scenes: and also how, once standing near Reynolds, the face-painter's, Richmond Villa, he wanted to point out some special spot of grass to Sir Joshua, and he said in his enthusiasm, pointing, "there, near those houses, where the figures are"—human beings were but figures to a landscape-painter, who used the planets to light his pictures. Then he would laugh, too, and tell how once, at old Slaughter's, Dr. Arne got tarnation angry, when that funny dog, Mortimer, who imitates Salvator Rosa, told him that his eyes were like two poached eggs on a dish of beet-root. I can assure you there was worse company than Mr. Richard Wilson, the great "Lunnun" painter down in Denbighshire, over a humming glass of *cerve*, and a churchwarden's pipe, with a brave "charge" of bird's-eye in its snowy bowl. And, indeed, why should he not be, look you? for his mother was one of the old Wynns of Leeswold; and in the old Wynns, look you, there is Cadwallader blood, "as every pody in Wels knows."

Wilson does not work much now, he has no need; but he is always out watching effect, and planning pictures, or selecting scenes, or watching sunsets, or waiting for shadows, and trying to find out whether they should be of a real or of a conventional colour. The stone where he used to sit, the tree whose shade he loved, the stream he walked beside, and that followed him as he walked, are there still in Denbighshire, immortalized by him. Give him youth and health, and he were the happiest of men.

It is a great "and blessed change," getting out of the close Academy library, waiting for readers that never came, to the pure blue air of Mrs. Catherine Jones's house, our kinswoman's house, at Colomondie, near Mold, and Llanverris. From Mold to Colomondie (i.e. "the pigeon's home,") is a pleasant flitting from the Piazza to Great Queen Street, near where our shoemaking friend lived; or from Charlotte Street, by the windmill and the pond, to Foley Place; or from Foley Place, hounded on by poverty, to Tottenham Street, Tottenham-Court-Road, where you and I, dear reader, called upon him, and witnessed his vexations; his mutations about Marylebone Fields, where he kept changing as they built out his view, I did not follow.

Wilson must have made a great stir down in that quiet Welsh village, a stir such as a pike makes when he visits a little bay frequented by gudgeons. He, in fact, as with a royal mind, re-christened the village of Llanverris, which is now always called Loggerheads (as we are informed), entirely because Wilson, once calling at the public-house in that place, kindly painted the landlord a sign-board, representing two fat, staring, stupid fellows, with underneath the old jocose motto of simpler days, "We three loggerheads be," spoiled, like better pictures, by cleaning and re-touching. The pictorial joke still swings and creaks aloft, and is creaking now, probably, this very burning August afternoon, defiant of all past wind and rain.

I often think of that pretty north Welsh village, and the tired soul it harboured. There still stands on high the house where he died; the hill, and valley, and stream are as they were when, with breaking memory and tired-eyes, he sat on the large stone they still show us, under the two Scotch firs, which he painted so often, and which he talked of so much. The stream still lisps and babbles on through the Dove's Home, as when it flowed faster and cheerier to solace, with sweet memories, the broken old Welshman, who had crept there to

die in peace. Here, with shaking hand, and uncertain, yet still skilful eye, Wilson painted his 'Atalanta,' and 'View of the Rock and River.' Sketches by him in dead colour, corpse-like and sad, still hang (or did) at Colomondie. The good people there don't know that Wilson imitated Mumper or Zuccarelli, or used to ramble about Richmond Hill with Sir Joshua, or was praised by Vernet and by Mengs, who painted his portrait; but they do know that he was a great Welsh painter, who consecrated their quiet Denbighshire village by his death. Colomondie is on the borders of Flintshire, and close to the high road leading from Chester to Ruthin; and being not far from Mold, where Wilson's father was rector, it must needs be that, as a boy, Richard, the painter, often traversed its valley, and wandered over its stream. He and his brothers, the future collector of customs, the Irish clergyman, and the Holywell tobaccoist, &c., must have known Colomondie as well as Mold.

How astonished any of us would be if, during some quiet walk in childhood, we were met suddenly by the apparition of ourselves as we shall appear in old age—sour, wrinkled, doubled, lame, and wicked. Would that fat-faced, handsome, bright-eyed Welsh boy have known himself in the tall, fat, stooping man, with red blotched face, enormous nose, club tail, and dirty cocked-hat, walking along moodily, with a handkerchief up to his face, as "sour Dick," as Garrick calls him, always did.

But the stage grows dark; let us remove our lingering actor, and drop the curtain. There comes a day when Death dogs the old man from his little Welsh cottage to the great stone where he loves to sit and study the clouds and the blue distances; and now, just as he has taken his seat there, Death, the inexorable bailiff, touches him on the shoulder, and whispers his cold summons. The old man falls from the stone in a swoon: the brave Newfoundland dog, the faithful companion of the painter, runs back to the house, and almost drags the servants to the spot. Watched over by his old gardener, Richard Lloyd, Wilson breathed his last in an upper room in the Colomondie cottage; and artists since, who have seen the bed where he died, have been known to throw themselves upon it, in order to say they had rested where Wilson died. He was buried in his father's churchyard at Mold, near the north door of the church, and on the tardy grave-stone was inscribed:—"The remains of Richard Wilson, Esq., Member of the Royal Academy of Artists, interred May 15th, 1782. Aged 69." Landscapes of eternal beauty border his quiet grave in the trim Welsh town.

Severe, respectable men of the Reynolds class, seem to have hastily set down Wilson, in his unhappy, disappointed days, as a sour sot, a coarse cynic, a rough publican of a man, fond of boisterous tavern fun, and debased in habits; but this could not have applied to the time when he frequented the best Roman society, knew the polished Vernet; or when his sister, the maid of a maid of honour, introduced him at court; or when he exhibited his 'Niobe' at Spring Gardens, in 1760, or when the Duke of Cumberland purchased the picture; or in 1765, when the Marquis of Tavistock bought his 'View of Rome from Monte Mario.' He grew taciturn and sententious, it is true, later; but he did not indulge in calumny, or question the will of Providence, even when, before he got his £50 a year from the Academy as Librarian, he was all but starving.

Amongst the rougher men, as Hayman, and Mortimer, and Wright, and Cosway, Wilson seems to have been a jovial, clever, tavern friend, much beloved. He belonged to an artists' club, that used to meet where Johnson's great club met, at the Turk's Head,

Gerard Street, Soho. There Dr. Chauncey and Hayman, and other artists and laymen, met, with a nightly allowance of half a pint of wine; and on one occasion there it was discussed whether Wilson or Hayman was the most vicious. If, on these evenings, they saw any of the seven o'clock magnates coming, Wilson would whisper, "There goes one of the *sapientie*." At one of these meetings Cosway, the little painter, came in fresh from a drawing-room, in full court dress, astonishing everybody with the foppery of his pink-heeled shoes, lace, and broidery. "What!" cried out Hayman, "can no one make room for a little monkey?" upon which Wilson laughed, and said, "Good God! how times are altered—the world is topsy-turvy; the monkey used to ride the bear, now we have the bear upon the monkey." This set the table in a roar, and Cosway, we hear, taking the joke good-naturedly, went round and shook hands with Hayman, Hogarth's old associate and boon companion, and Quin's special crony.

Wilson, who was a well-educated, and, as we have seen, a well-born man—if that is anything—was always addressed by the great judge, Lord Camden, as "Cousin Wilson," being related to him on the mother's side. If we can trust a rather suspicious book, one of Wilson's great haunts was the shop of Willy Thompson, an organist and music-seller in Exeter 'Change. There he would come and moralize over fortune, or, ordering a supper from the Black Horse, near Somerset House barracks—generally Scotch collops and salad—he would make a night of it with Garrick and Dr. Arne, no man leaving the cold punch and the pipes till the nine o'clock bell rang them out of the arcade. Sometimes Garrick contributed a basket of his choicest wine, Wilson warming the pewter plates over Thomson's German stove, while Garrick went through his fun and mimicry.

We have him again sketched at a pleasant party at Garrick's, where Dr. Johnson, Sterne, and Goldsmith, are present: a witty young lady likens each great man present to some fruit or flower—Goldsmith to a passion-flower, Sterne to the sensitive plant, and Johnson to the aloe, whose flower appears to adorn creation but once in a hundred years; Mr. Wilson she compares to olives, that, rough to the taste at first, grow tolerable on a longer acquaintance, and at last become delightful.

If Wilson's life furnishes any warning, it is of the folly of going to war with society: oppose its cheats, laugh down its nonsense, smite its vices; but never leave your camp and go into voluntary exile, to spite a silly abstraction without brain, and still more without heart.

Though Wilson called Reynolds's portraits "experiments," and Reynolds called Wilson's landscapes "screens," there can be no doubt that Wilson was a great painter,—broad and massy in shadow, grand in form, and remarkable for a certain large-minded, fine simplicity. There is a life and a glow and freshness about him, that makes us regret he gave himself up to ideal, sham landscape. Some people think Claude painted grand scenes dully, and Wilson grand scenes grandly; but in both we lament that they should have introduced fiction into their landscape: for God's nature needs no improvement, and not often much selection. In *chiaro-scuro*, at least, Wilson surpassed Claude, having a stronger and more impulsive and rocky mind.

It has been well shown that the special manner of Claude and Poussin arose from the several points of view which they selected for their landscapes. Poussin liked dull days, storms, and evenings: Claude basked in the monotony of perpetual sunshine. Claude, from

the little portico of his house on the Trinità di Monte, could see the blue vale of the Tiber, the fine lines of the Vatican, Monte Mario, and the Villa Medici. Poussin preferred dusky, solemn evenings, under the massy ruins of the Colosseum and the Palatine: Claude, insipid, and often dull, darkens his foreground or his trees, to stand for shadows. Wilson has less detail than Claude. Wilson's figures are better, and his tone of colour is more thoughtful. When Wilson is by the river Dee, or at Sion House, his verdure is fresh, bright, and dewy. But he is most at home thinking of his happier days in Italy, by Diana's Mirror—the Lake of Narni, at Cicero's Villa, or weeping with Niobe. Then his delighted brush traces the waving line of the Sabine Hills, the desolate Campagna, the broken chain of aqueducts, the mouldering temple. There he is grand, simple, unreal, and beautiful, as when he sat at the hot window at Venice, waiting for Zuccarelli, and drew the Doge's Palace and the floating hearses of gondolas; or as when, in his Piazza room, surrounded by Carr, and Steel, and Jones, and Jenkins, he taught Sir George Beaumont to put in his "brown tree," to dead colour with Prussian blue, and refine airy distances with ultra-marine.

"Well," says the reflective reader, "and what is the moral of this murky and perturbed life?"

The moral of it, if I read it right, is this:—"The inevitable misery that follows when genius despises common sense."

Wilson had genius, but he had no common sense; and genius left him to starve, as she has left, and will leave, thousands of others. Wilson was proud, and fed his pride to the full by obstinately persisting in painting classic landscape that no one would buy. The selfish, wretched age was not ripe for any Art—certainly not for landscape—assuredly not for classic landscape. The cocked-hat men would not even buy Gainsborough's Suffolk lanes and cottage-doors, not even the pleasant nooks and witching woods of their own England; how then could they appreciate Tivoli and the Campagna? how, still more, Niobe, and Mercury, and Ceyx, and Aleyone, and all the gentlemen with fine Greek names? Picture-buyers then dared not try a new thing. Ruysdael was the mode, with his "brown Norway," and his treacle-posset waterfalls: so buy him they did. They had no power to discover a new man, so they prudently kept to the old.

Wilson, had he had sense, and not been driven dogged and wild by Fortune's blows, should have taken manfully to portrait-painting, as he well could, and have fondled his pet taste at leisure moments, till he had trained his landscape. If genius will sell shoes when people want hats, genius must starve—and deserves to, for being a sheer fool. If genius will paint monster frescoes when people have no walls for them, and no money to pay for them, genius must, nonetheless, go wear pepper and salt to the Union. Between ourselves, this is all folly, this cant about suffering genius. It is pure vanity, and selfish, contemptible conceit that drives second-rate genius to glory in neglect, and to disdain humble resources of money-getting. I despise genius sending begging-letters from its garret.

Let us now leave poor Wilson, not so much chiding those who let his genius starve, as resolved to be ourselves never guilty of the same cruel fault, lest some future Peter Pindar say of us, bitterly, to some future Wilson we have neglected, between a tear and a smile—

"—But, honest WILSON, never mind;
Immortal praises thou shalt find,
And for a dinner have no cause to fear.—
Thou start'st at my prophetic rhymes!
Don't be impatient for those times:
WAIT TILL THOU HAST BEEN DEAD A HUNDRED YEAR."

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

UNA.

W. E. Frost, A.R.A., Painter. P. Lightfoot, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 6 ft. by 4 ft.

SPENSER'S "Fairie Queene" presents, perhaps, greater difficulties to the painter than any other poem in our language: there is in it such a mingling of Christian sentiment and Pagan mythology, such a contrariety of opposite feelings in many of the scenes and incidents, that we do not wonder it is so little essayed, nor that, when attempted, failure should be so frequent and so entire. Historical art—by which is meant whatever is founded on historical facts—offers something, in the characters of the individuals, which seems to come more within the painter's grasp; they are, or have been, realities: their persons, as well as their mind and disposition, are supposed to be familiar to him; and, as a consequence, he carries on his work with a certainty which in no other case can be felt. Ideal history—such as we read in Spenser—can only produce imaginative art; and for it to be successful, the painter's mind must be in unison with that of the poet, no less than with the characters whom the latter describes: the two cannot be dissociated, and where either is wanting we must expect to see a corresponding result in the absence of that feeling which, in all probability, constitutes both the essence and the charm of the poet's verse.

Mr. Frost, in the picture here engraved, has shown himself as competent as any living artist—perhaps it would not be too much to say, as any dead artist—to deal with such a theme as that of "Una," the admiration of the satyrs, the object of jealousy to the wood-nymphs, as we find her described in the passage from the "Fairie Queene," whence he has derived his subject:—

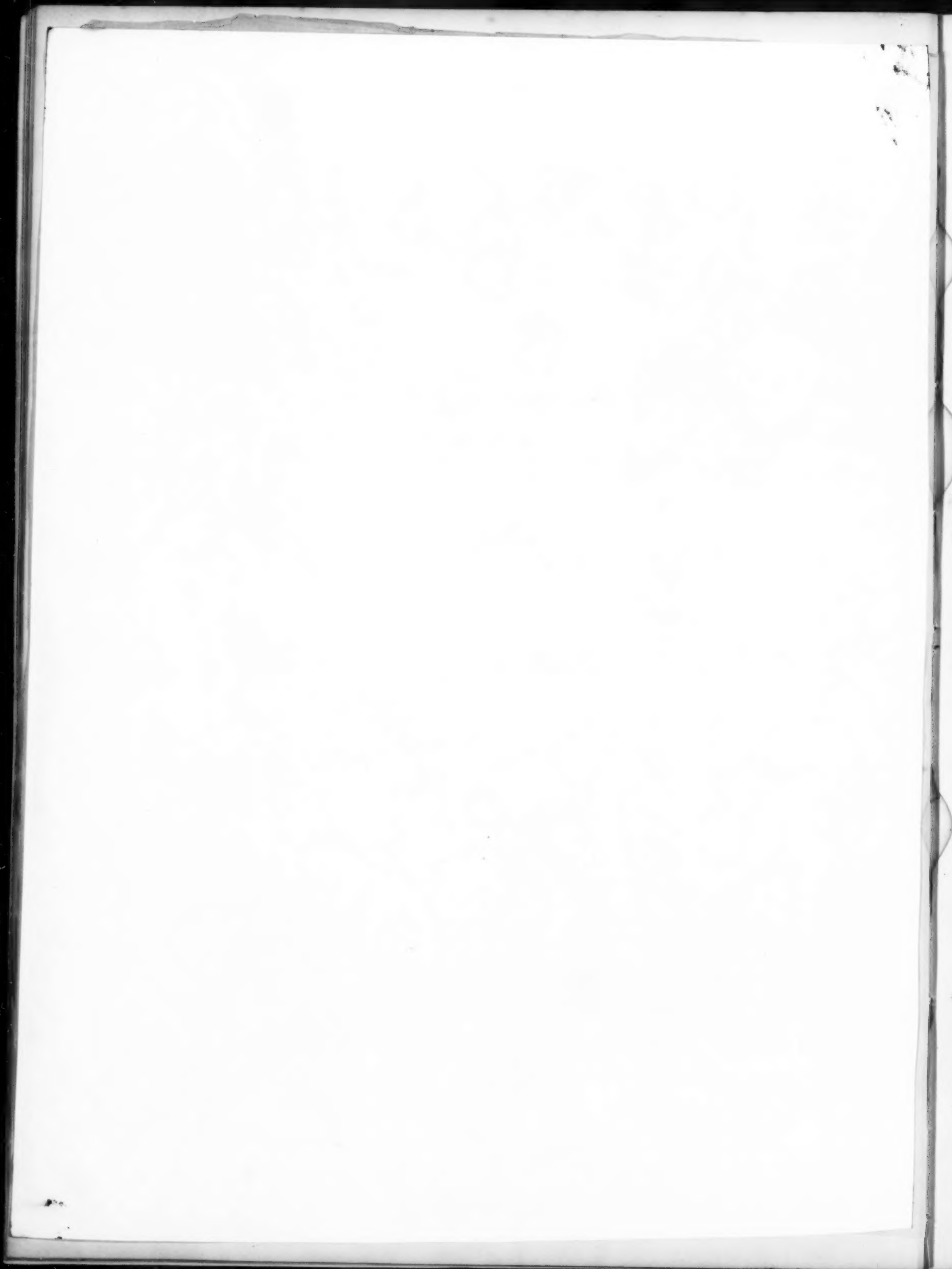
"The woody Nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thether runne apace;
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
Flock all about to see her lovely face:
But, when they viewed have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malicious mind,
And fly away for fear of fowle disgrace:
But all the Satyrs scorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire, but her, on earth they find."

One may readily imagine how such a subject as this might be made the vehicle of loose and vulgar representation, but there is nothing in Mr. Frost's version of the story in the least degree approximating to such a character: "the artist is at home among these sylvans and oreads, but in approaching the essence of revealed religion, he shakes from his mantle every atom of Arcadian dust;" Una is a pure and gentle being, surrounded indeed by wild and disorderly spirits, awed into propriety by her superior beauty and defenceless condition: they gaze upon her with wonder and astonishment, as, clothed in a garment of white, emblem of her own purity, she sits, like a royal queen, on the mossy bank: one of the exulting satyrs is in the act of crowning her with a wreath of tributary flowers, while others evidence their delight in a variety of ways. The artist has refined upon the figure of Una, and contrasted her strongly with the denizens of the forest: the action and countenances of the "woody nymphes" are quite in harmony with the spirit of the verse; some gaze curiously into her face; others are turning from her with envy; and a long train of these fair creatures comes dancing over the green sward, to the sound of cymbal and tambourine, to see what being of earth or heaven has invaded their domain: these female figures are exquisitely beautiful.

How different is the treatment of this subject from the bacchanalian wood-scenes painted by Rubens, who gave the rein to his vigorous and rich fancies, unrestrained by any feeling of over-much parity: the age in which he lived justified, however, what ours would scarcely tolerate.

We have always regarded this picture as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the painter, and one of the finest of its class our school has produced: it is exceedingly rich in colour, and is painted with the utmost delicacy and refinement; in composition and arrangement nothing can be more elegant and harmonious.

The picture was purchased by Her Majesty from the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1847: it is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.





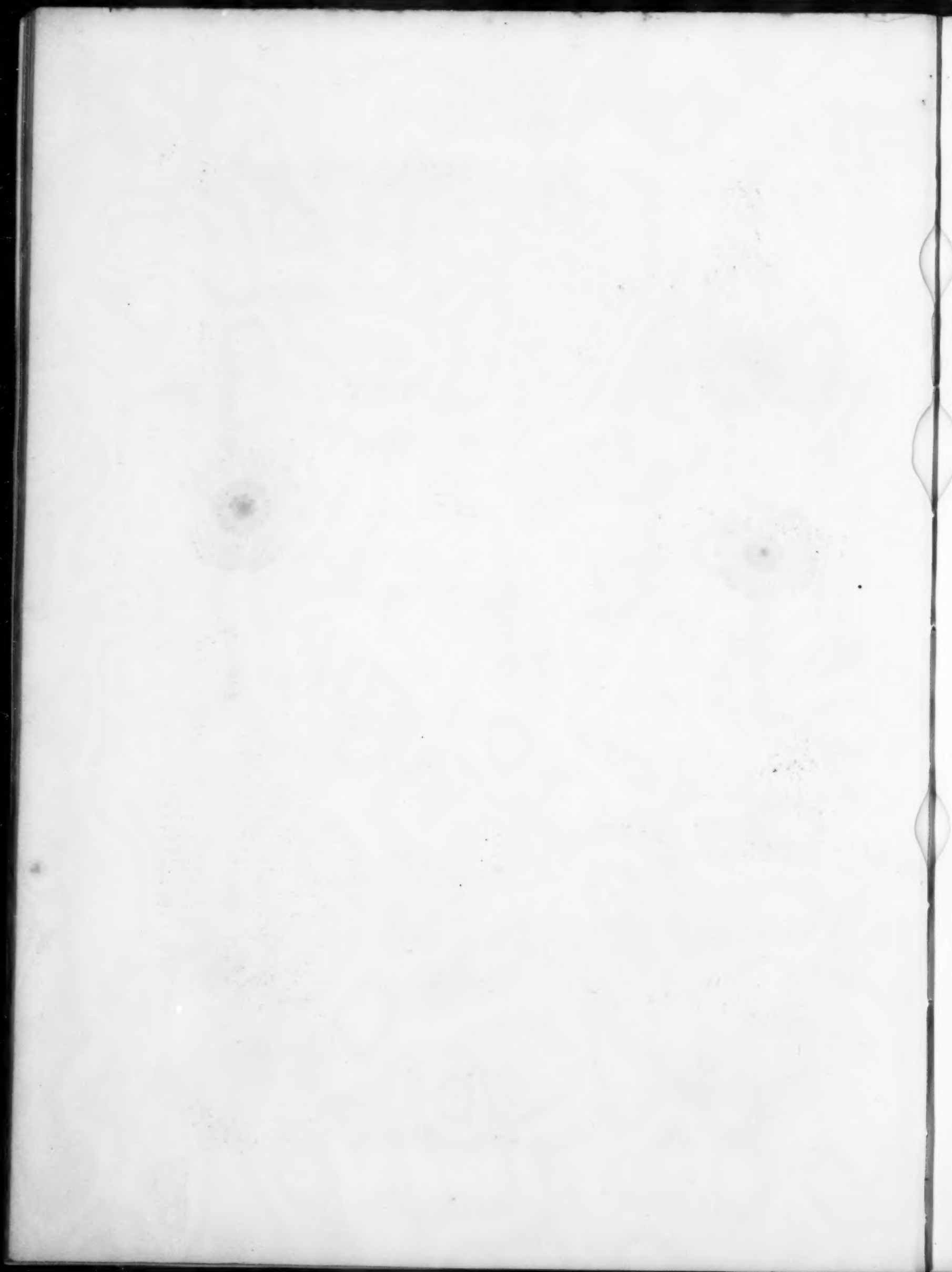
WE FROST ARA. PINXT

P. LIGHTFOOT. SCULPT

UNA.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON JAMES S. VIRTUE

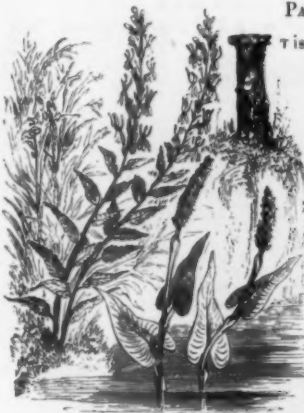


THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART I.



It is proposed to present, in a series of sketches with pen and pencil, pictures of the Hudson River, from its birth among the mountains to its marriage with the ocean. It is by far the most interesting river in America, considering the beauty and magnificence of its scenery, its natural, political, and social history, the agricultural and mineral treasures of its vicinage, the commercial wealth hourly floating upon its bosom, and the relations of its geography and topography to some of the most important events in the history of the Western hemisphere.

High upon the walls of the governor's room in the New York City Hall is a dingy painting of a broad-headed, short-haired, sparsely-bearded man, with an enormous ruffe about his neck, and bearing the impress of an intellectual, courtly gentleman of the days of King James the First of England. By whom it was painted nobody knows, but conjecture shrewdly guesses that it was delineated by the hand of Paul Van Someren, the skilful Flemish artist who painted the portraits of many persons of distinction in Amsterdam and London, in the reign of James, and died in the British capital four years before that monarch. We are well assured that it is the portrait of an eminent navigator, who, in that remarkable year in the history of England and America, one thousand six hundred and seven, met "certaine worshipping merchants of London," in the parlour of a son of Sir Thomas Gresham, in Bishopsgate Street, and bargained concerning a proposed voyage in search of a north-east passage to India, between the icy and rock-bound coasts of Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen.

That navigator was HENRY HUDSON, a friend of Captain John Smith, a man of science and liberal views, and a pupil, perhaps, of Drake, or Frobisher, or Grenville, in the seaman's art. On May-day morning he knelt in the church of St. Ethelburge, and partook of the sacrament; and soon afterward he left the Thames for the circumpolar waters. During two voyages he battled the ice-pack manfully off the North Cape, but without success: boreal frosts were too intense for the brine, and cast impenetrable ice-barriers across the eastern pathway of the sea. His employers praised the navigator's skill and courage, but, losing faith in the scheme, the undertaking was abandoned. Hudson went to Holland with a stout heart; and the Dutch East India Company, then sending their uncouth argosies to every sea, gladly employed "the bold Englishman, the expert pilot, and famous navigator," of whose fame they had heard so much.

At the middle of March, 1609, Hendrick, as the Dutch called him, sailed from Amsterdam in a yacht of ninety tons, named the *Half-Moon*, manned with a choice crew, and turned his prow, once more, toward Nova Zembla. Again ice, and fogs, and fierce tempests, disputed his passage, and he steered westward, passed Cape Farewell, and, on the 2nd of July, made soundings upon the banks of Newfoundland. He sailed along the coast to the fine harbour of Charleston, in South Carolina, in search of a north-west passage "below Virginia," spoken of by his friend Captain Smith. Disappointed, he turned northward, discovered Delaware Bay, and on the 3rd of September anchored near Sandy Hook. On the 11th he passed through the Narrows into the present bay of New York, and from his anchorage beheld with joy, wonder, and hope, the waters of the noble Mahicannituck, or Mohegan River, flowing from the high blue hills on the north. Toward evening the following day he entered the broad stream, and with a full persuasion, on account of tidal currents, that the river upon which he was borne flowed from ocean to ocean, he rejoiced in the dream of being the leader to the long-sought Cathay. But when the magnificent highlands, sixty miles from the sea, were passed, and the stream narrowed and the water freshened, hope failed him. But the indescribable beauty of the virgin land through which he was voyaging, filled his heart and mind with exquisite pleasure; and as deputations of dusky men came from the courts of the forest sachems to visit him, in wonder and awe, he seemed transformed into some majestic and mysterious hero of the old sagas of the North.

The yacht anchored near the shore where Albany now stands, but a boat's crew, accompanied by Hudson, went on, and beheld the waters of the Mohawk foaming among the rocks at Cohoes. Then back to New York Bay the navigator sailed, and after a parting salutation with the chiefs of the Manhattans at the mouth of the river, and taking formal possession of the country in the name of the government of Holland, he departed for Europe, to tell of the glorious region, filled with fur-bearing animals, beneath the parallels of the North Virginia Charter. He landed in England, but sent his log-book, charts, and a full account of his voyage to his employers at Amsterdam. King James, jealous because of the advantages which the Dutch might derive from these discoveries, kept Hudson a long time in England; but the Hollanders had all necessary information, and very soon ships of the company and of private adventurers were anchored in the waters of the Mahicannituck, and receiving the wealth of the forests from the wild men who inhabited them. The Dutchmen and the Indians became friends, close-bound by the cohesion of trade. The river was named

Mauritius, in honour of the Stadtholder of the Netherlands, and the seed of a great empire was planted there.

The English, in honour of their countryman who discovered it, called it Hudson's River, and to the present time that title has been maintained; but not without continual rivalry with that of North River, given it, by the early Dutch settlers after the discovery of the Delaware, which was named South River. It is now as often called North River, as Hudson, in the common transactions of trade, names of corporations, &c.; but these, with Americans, being convertible titles, produce no confusion.

For one hundred and fifty years after its discovery the Hudson, above



A LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Albany, was little known to white men, except hunters and trappers, and a few isolated settlers; and the knowledge of its sources among lofty alpine ranges is one of the revelations made to the present century, and even to the present generation. And now very few, except the hunters of that region, have personal knowledge of the beauty and wild grandeur of lake, and forest, and mountain, out of which spring the fountains of the river we are about to describe. To these fountains and their forest courses I made a pilgrimage toward the close of the summer of 1859, accompanied by Mrs. Lossing and Mr. S. M.



RAQUET RIVER.

Buckingham, an American gentleman, formerly engaged in mercantile business in Manchester, England, and who has travelled extensively in the East.

Our little company, composed of the minimum in the old prescription for a dinner-party,—not more than the Muses, nor less than the Graces,—left our homes, in the pleasant rural city of Poughkeepsie, for the wilderness of northern New York, by a route which we are satisfied by experience and observation to be the best for the tourist or sportsman bound for the head waters of the Hudson, or the high plateau northward and westward of them; where lie in solitary beauty a multitude of lakes filled with delicious fish, and embosomed in primeval forests abounding with deer and other game. We travelled by railway about one

hundred and fifty miles to Whitehall, a small village in a rocky gorge, where Wood Creek leaps in cascades into the head of Lake Champlain. There we tarried until the following morning, and at ten o'clock embarked upon a steamboat for Port Kent—our point of departure for the wild interior, far down the lake on its western border. The day was fine, and the shores of the lake, clustered with historical associations, presented a series of beautiful pictures; for they were rich with forest verdure, the harvests of a faithful seed-time, and thrifty villages and farm-houses. Behind these, on the east, arose the lofty ranges of the Green Mountains, in Vermont; and on the west were the Adirondacks of New York, whither we were journeying, their clustering peaks, distant and shadowy, bathed in the golden light of a summer afternoon.

Lake Champlain is deep and narrow, and one hundred and forty miles in length. It received its present name from its discoverer, the eminent French navigator, Samuel Champlain, who was upon its waters the same year that Hudson sailed up the river which bears his name. Long before, the Indians had given it the significant title of *Can-i-a-de-ri Gwa-run-te*, the Door of the Country. The appropriateness of this name will be illustrated hereafter.

It was evening when we arrived at Port Kent. We remained until morning with a friend (Winslow C. Watson, Esq., a descendant of Governor Winslow, who came to New England in the *May-Flower*), whose personal explanations and general knowledge of the region we were about to visit, enabled him to give us information of much value in our subsequent course. With himself and family we visited the walled banks of the Great Au Sable, near Keeseville, and stood with wonder and awe at the bottom of a terrific gorge in sandstone, rent by an earthquake's power, and a foaming river rushing at our feet. The gorge, for more than a mile, is from thirty to forty feet in width, and over one hundred in depth. This was our first experience of the wild scenery of the north. The tourist should never pass it unnoticed.

Our direct route from Keeseville lay along the picturesque valley of the Great Au Sable River, a stream broken along its entire course into cascades, draining about seven hundred square miles of mountain country, and falling four to six hundred feet in its passage from its springs to Lake Champlain. We made a *détour* of a few miles at Keeseville for a special purpose, entered the valley at



TENANTS OF THE UPPER HUDSON FORESTS.

twilight, and passed along the margin of the rushing waters of the Au Sable six miles to the Forks, where we remained until morning. The day dawned gloomily, and for four hours we rode over the mountains toward the Saranac River in a drenching rain, for which we were too well prepared to experience any inconvenience. At Franklin Falls, on the Saranac, in the midst of the wildest mountain scenery, where a few years before a forest village had been destroyed by fire, we dined upon trout and venison, the common food of the wilderness, and then rode on toward the Lower Saranac Lake, at the foot of which we were destined to leave roads, and horses, and industrial pursuits behind, and live upon the solitary lake and river, and in the almost unbroken woods.

The clouds were scattered early in the afternoon, but lay in heavy masses upon the summits of the deep blue mountains, and deprived us of the pleasure to be derived from distant views in the amphitheatre of everlasting hills through which we were journeying. Our road was over a high rolling country, fertile, and in process of rapid clearing. The log-houses of the settlers, and the cabins of the charcoal burners, were frequently seen; and in a beautiful valley, watered by a branch of the Saranac, we passed through a pleasant village called Bloomingdale. Toward evening we reached the sluggish outlet of the Saranac Lakes, and at a little before sunset our postilion reined up at Baker's Inn, two miles from the Lower Lake, and fifty-one from Port Kent. To the lover and student of nature, the artist and the philosopher, the country through which we had passed, and to which only brief allusion may here be made, is among the most inviting spots upon the globe; for magnificent and picturesque scenery, mineral wealth, and geological wonders, abound on every side.

At Baker's Inn every comfort for a reasonable man may be found. There we procured guides, boats, and provisions for the wilderness, and at a little past noon on the following day we were fairly beyond the sounds of the settlements, upon a placid lake studded with islands, the sun shining in unclouded splendour, and the blue peaks of distant mountains looming above the dense forests that lay in gloomy grandeur between us and their rugged acclivities.

Our party now consisted of five, two guides having been added to it. One of them was a son of Mr. Baker, the other a pure-blooded Penobscot Indian from the State of Maine. Each had a light boat—so light that he might carry it upon his shoulders at portages. In one of these was borne our luggage, provisions, and Mr. Buckingham, and in the other Mrs. Lossing and myself.

The Saranac Lakes are three in number, and lie on the south-eastern borders of Franklin County, north of Mount Seward. They are known as the Upper, Round, and Lower. The latter, over which we first voyaged, is six miles in length. From its head we passed along a winding and narrow river, fringed with rushes, lilies, and moose-head plants, almost to the central or Round Lake, where we made a portage of a few rods, and dined beneath a towering pine-tree. While there, two deer-hounds, whose voices we had heard in the forest a few minutes before, came dashing up, dripping with the lake water through which they had been swimming, and, after snuffing the scent of our food wistfully for a moment, disappeared as suddenly. We crossed Round Lake, three and a half



CAMP HELENA.

miles, and went up a narrow river about a mile, to the falls at the outlet of the Upper Saranac. Here, twelve miles from our embarkation, is a place of entertainment for tourists and sportsmen, in the midst of a small clearing. A portage of an eighth of a mile, over which the boats and luggage were carried upon a waggon, brought us to the foot of the Upper Lake. On this dark, wild sheet of water, thirteen miles in length, we embarked toward the close of the day, and just before sunset reached the lodge of Corey, a hunter and guide well-known in all that region. It stands near the gravelly shore of a beautiful bay with a large island in its bosom, heavily wooded with evergreens. It was Saturday evening, and here, in this rude house of logs, where we had been pleasantly received by a modest and genteel young woman, we resolved to spend the Sabbath. Nor did we regret our resolution. We found good wilderness accommodations; and at midnight the hunter came with his dogs from a long tramp in the woods, bringing a fresh-killed deer upon his shoulders.

Our first Sabbath in the wilderness was a delightful one. It was a perfect summer-day; and all around us were freshness and beauty. We were alone with God and His works, far away from the abodes of men; and when at evening the stars came out one by one, they seemed to the communing spirit like diamond lamps hung up in the dome of a great cathedral, in which we had that day worshipped so purely and lovingly. It is profitable to



HENDRICK SPRING.

"Go abroad
Upon the paths of Nature, and, when all
Its voices whisper, and its silent things
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,
Kneel at its ample altar."

Early on Monday morning we resumed our journey. We walked a mile through the fresh woods to the upper of the three Spectacle Ponds, on which we were to embark for the Raquet River and Long Lake. Our boats and luggage were here carried upon a waggon for the last time; after that they were all borne upon the shoulders of the guides. Here we were joined by another

guide, with his boat, who was returning to his home, near the head waters of the Hudson, toward which we were journeying. The guides who were conducting us were to leave us at Long Lake; and finding the one who had joined us intelligent and obliging, and well acquainted with a portion of the region we were about to explore, we engaged him for the remainder of our wilderness travel.

The Spectacle Ponds are beautiful sheets of water in the forest, lying near each other, and connected by shallow streams, through which the guides waded and dragged the boats. The outlet—a narrow, sinuous stream, and then shallow, because of a drought that was prevailing in all that northern country—is called "Stony Brook." After a course of three and a half miles through wild and picturesque scenery, it empties into the Raquet River. All along its shores we saw fresh tracks of the deer; and upon its banks the splendid Cardinal flower (*Lobelia cardinalis*), glowing like flame, was seen in many a nook.*

Our entrance into the Raquet was so quiet and unexpected, that we were not aware of the change until we were fairly upon its broader bosom. It is the most beautiful river in all that wild interior. Its shores are generally low, and extend back some distance in wet prairies, upon which grow the soft maple, the aspen, alder, linden, and other deciduous trees, interspersed with the hemlock and pine. These fringe its borders, and standing in clumps upon the prairies, in the midst of rank grass, give them the appearance of beautiful deer parks; and they are really so, for there herds of deer pasture. We saw their fresh tracks all along the shores, but they are now so continually hunted, that they keep away from the waters whenever a strange sound falls upon their ears. In the deep wilderness through which this dark and rapid river flows, and around the neighbouring lakes, the stately moose yet lingers; and upon St. Regis Lake, north of the Saranac group, two or three families of the beaver—the most rare of all the tenants of these forests—may be found. The otter is somewhat abundant, but the panther has become almost extinct; the wolf is



SWAMP TRAVEL.

seldom seen, except in winter; and the black bear, quite abundant in the mountain ranges, is shy, and invisible to the summer tourist.

The chief source of the Raquet is in Raquet Lake, toward the western part of Hamilton County. Around it the Indians, in the ancient days, gathered on snow-shoes, in winter, to hunt the moose, then found there in large droves; and from that circumstance they named it "Raquet," the equivalent in French for snow-shoe in English.

Seven miles from our entrance upon the Raquet, we came to the "Falls," where the stream rushes in cascades over a rocky bed for a mile. At the foot of the rapids we dined, and then walked a mile over a lofty, thickly-wooded hill, to their head, where we re-embarked. Here our guides first carried their boats; and it was surprising to see with what apparent ease our Indian took the heaviest, weighing at least 160 lbs., and with a dog-trot bore it the whole distance, stopping only once. The boat rests upon a yoke, fitted to the neck and shoulders, and is thus carried with the ease of the coracle.

At the head of the rapids we met acquaintances—two clergymen in hunting costume; and after exchanging salutations, we voyaged on six miles, to the foot of Long Lake, through which the Raquet flows, like the Rhône through Lake Geneva. This was called by the Indians *Inca-pah-chow*, or Linden Sea, because the forests upon its shores abounded with the bass-wood, or American linden. As we entered that beautiful sheet of water, a scene of indescribable beauty opened upon the vision. The sun was yet a little above the western hills,

* This superb plant is found from July to October along the shores of the lakes, rivers, and rivulets, and in swamps, all over northern New York. It is perennial, and is borne upon an erect stem, from two to three feet in height. The leaves are long and slender, with a long, tapering base. The flowers are large and very showy. Corolla bright scarlet; the tube slender; segments of the lower lip oblong-lanceolate; filaments red; anthers blue; stigma three-lobed, and at length protruded. It grows readily when transplanted, even in dry soil, and is frequently seen in our gardens. A picture of this plant forms a portion of the design around the initial letter at the head of this chapter.

whose long shadows lay across the wooded intervals. Before us was the lake, calm and translucent as a mirror, its entire length of thirteen miles in view, except where broken by islands, the more distant appearing shadowy in the purple light. The lofty mountain ranges on both sides stretched away into the blue distance, and the slopes of one, and the peak of another, were smoking like volcanoes, the timber being on fire. Near us the groves upon the headlands, solitary trees, rich shrubbery, graceful rushes, the clustering moose-head and water-lily, and the gorgeous cloud-pictures, were perfectly reflected, and produced a scene such as the mortal eye seldom beholds. The sun went down—the vision faded; and, sweeping around a long, marshy point, we drew our boats upon a pebbly shore at twilight, at the foot of a pine-bluff, and proceeded to erect a camp for the night. No human habitation was near, except the bark cabin of Bowen, the "Hermit of Long Lake," whose history we have not space to record. Our camp was soon constructed. The guides selected a pleasant spot near



CATLIN LAKE.

the foot of a lofty pine; placed two crotched sticks perpendicularly in the ground, about eight feet apart, laid a stout pole horizontally across them, placed others against it in position like the rafters of half a roof, one end upon the ground, and covered the whole and both sides with the boughs of the hemlock and pine, leaving the front open. The ground was then strewn with the delicate sprays of the hemlock and balsam, making a sweet and pleasant bed. A few feet from the front they built a huge fire, and prepared supper, which consisted of broiled partridges (that were shot on the shore of the Raquet by one of the guides), bread and butter, tea and maple sugar. We supped by the light of a birch-bark torch, fastened to a tall stick. At the close of a moonlight evening, our fire burning brightly, we retired for the night, wrapped in blanket shawls, our satchels and their contents serving for pillows, our heads at the back part of the "camp," and our feet to the fire. The guides lying near, kept the



FIRST CLEARING ON THE HUDSON.

wood blazing throughout the night. We named the place *Camp Helena*, in compliment to the lady of our party.

The morning dawned gloriously, and at an early hour we proceeded up the *Inca-pah-chow*, in the face of a stiff breeze, ten miles, to the mouth of a clear stream, that came down from one of the burning mountains which we saw the evening before. A walk of half a mile brought us to quite an extensive clearing, and Houghton's house of entertainment. There we dismissed our Saranac guides, and dispatched on horseback the one who had joined us on the Spectacle Ponds to the home of Mitchell Sabattis, a St. Francis Indian, eighteen miles distant, to procure his services for our tour to the head waters of the Hudson. Sabattis is by far the best man in all that region to lead the traveller to the Hudson Waters, and the Adirondack Mountains; for he has lived in that neighbourhood from his youth, and is now between thirty and forty years of age. He is a grandson of Sabattis mentioned in history, who,

with Natanis, befriended Colonel Benedict Arnold, while on his march through the wilderness from the Kennebeck to the Chaudière, in the autumn of 1775, to attack Quebec. Much to our delight and relief, Sabattis returned with our messenger; for the demand for good guides was so great, that we were fearful he might be absent on duty with others.

Thick clouds came rolling over the mountains from the south at evening, presaging a storm, and the night fell intensely dark. The burning hill above us presented a magnificent appearance in the gloom. The fire was in broken points over a surface of half a mile, near the summit, and the appearance was like a city upon the lofty slope, brilliantly illuminated. It was sad to see the fire sweeping away whole acres of fine timber. But such scenes are frequent in that region; and every bald and blackened hill-top in the ranges is the record of a conflagration.

We were detained at Houghton's the following day by a heavy rain. On the morning after, the clouds drifted away early, and, with our new and excellent guides, Mitchell Sabattis and William Preston, we went down the lake eight miles, and landed at a "carry"—as the portages are called—on its eastern shore, within half a mile of Hendrick Spring (so named in honour of Hendrick Hudson), the most remote source of the extreme western branch of our noble river. To reach water navigable with our boats, we were compelled to walk through forest and swamp about two miles. That was our first really fatiguing journey on foot; for, to facilitate the passage, we each carried as much luggage as possible.

We found Hendrick Spring in the edge of a swamp—cold, shallow, about five feet in diameter, shaded by trees, shrubbery and vines, and fringed with the



FIRST SAW-MILL ON THE HUDSON.

delicate brake and fern. Its waters, rising within half a mile of Long Lake, and upon the same summit level, flow southward to the Atlantic more than three hundred miles; while those of the latter flow to the St. Lawrence, and reach the same Atlantic a thousand miles away to the far north-east. A few years ago, Professor G. W. Benedict (who was connected with the State Geological Survey) attempted to unite these waters by a canal, for lumbering purposes, but the enterprise was abandoned. We followed the ditch, that he had cut through the swamp, nearly half a mile, among tall raspberry bushes, laden with delicious fruit, and for another half mile we made our way over the most difficult ground imaginable. Dead trees were lying in every direction, some charred, others prone with black ragged roots, and all entangled in shrubbery and vines. Through this labyrinth our guides carried their boats, and we quite heavy packs, but compelled to rest every few minutes, for the sun was shining hotly upon us. We were nearly an hour travelling that half mile. Thoroughly wearied, we entered one of the boats at the first navigable point on Spring Brook, and rowed leisurely down to Fountain Lake, while our guides returned for the remainder of the luggage and provisions. The passage of that portage consumed four hours.

Fountain Lake is the first collection of the waters of the west branch of the Hudson. It is about two miles in circumference, with highly picturesque shores. It empties into Catlin Lake through a shallow, stony outlet. From both of these we had fine views of the near Santanoni Mountains, and the more distant ranges of Mount Seward, on the east. At the foot of Fountain Lake is another "carry" of a mile. A few rods down its outlet, where we crossed, we found the remains of a dam and sluice, erected by Professor Benedict, to raise the waters so as to flow through his canal into Long Lake, and

for another purpose, which will be explained presently. The sun went down while we were crossing this portage, and finding a good place for a camp on the margin of a cold mountain stream in the deep forest, we concluded to remain there during the night. Our guides soon constructed a shelter with an inverted boat, poles, and boughs, and we all slept soundly, after a day of excessive toil.

In the morning we embarked upon the beautiful Catlin Lake, and rowed to its outlet—three miles. After walking a few rods over boulders, while our guides dragged the boats through a narrow channel between them, we re-embarked upon Narrow Lake, and passed through it and Lilypad Pond—a mile and a half—to another "carry" of three-fourths of a mile, which brought us to the junction of the Hudson and Fishing Brook. This was a dreary region, and yet highly picturesque. It was now about noon. Sabattis informed us that, a little way up the Fishing Brook, were a clearing and a saw-mill—the first on the Hudson. We walked about half a mile through the woods to see them. Emerging from the forest, we came to a field filled with boulders and blackened



ELEPHANT ISLAND.

stumps, and, from the summit of a hill, we overlooked an extensive rolling valley, heavily timbered, stretching westward to the Windfall Mountains, and at our feet were the Clearing and the Saw-mill. The latter stands at the head of a deep rocky gorge, down which great logs are sent at high water. The clearing was too recent to allow much fruit of tillage; but preparations were made for farming, in the erection of a good frame dwelling and outhouses. The head waters of this considerable tributary of the Upper Hudson is Pickwaket Pond, four miles above the mill.

A short distance below the confluence of the Hudson and Fishing Brook, we entered Rich's Lake, an irregular sheet of water, about two miles and a half in length, with surroundings more picturesque, in some respects, than any we had visited. From its southern shore Goodenow Mountain rises to an altitude of about fifteen hundred feet, crowned by a rocky knob. Near the foot of the lake is a wooded peninsula, whose low isthmus, being covered at high water, leaves it an island. It is called Elephant Island, because of the singular resemblance of some of the limestone formation that composes its bold shore to por-



LUMBER DAM AND SLUICE.

tions of that animal. The whole rock is perforated into singularly-formed caves. This, and another similar shore a few miles below, were the only deposits of limestone that we saw in all that region.

At the outlet of Rich's Lake are the ruins of a dam and lumber sluice, similar in construction and intended use to that of Professor Benedict at Fountain Lake. The object of such structures, which occur on the Upper Hudson, is to gather the logs that float from above, and then, by letting out the accumulated waters by the sluice, give a flood to the shallow, rocky outlets, sufficient to carry them all into the next lake below, where the process is repeated. These logs of pine, hemlock, cedar, and spruce, are cut upon the borders of the streams, marked on the ends by a single blow with a hammer, on the face of which is the monogram of the owner, and then cast into the waters to be gathered and claimed perhaps at the great boom near Glen's Falls, a hundred miles below. We shall again refer to this process of collecting lumber from the mountains.

OBITUARY.

MR. JAMES WARD, R.A.

WE briefly alluded in our last Number to the death of this patriarchal artist, who died on the 17th of November, in the ninety-first year of his age; he was the oldest member of the Royal Academy, having been elected in 1811.

In the *Art-Journal* for 1849, there was published a long biographical sketch of Mr. Ward, written, principally, from materials with which he had supplied us. The history carries us back almost to the earliest period of the annals of the English School of Painting, for the deceased artist was a student in the Academy, when Reynolds was President, and was elected an Associate soon after West succeeded to the chair. He must have known Wilson, Gainsborough, Paul Sandby, Cipriani, Zuccherelli, and many more of those enrolled among the earliest members of the Academy. He was brother-in-law of Morland, and father-in-law of Jackson, the portrait painter; it is exactly sixty-six years since he was appointed painter and engraver to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.: the date of the appointment being January 1st, 1794.

Mr. Ward in early life was articled to the late J. R. Smith, the mezzotint portrait engraver; and gained considerable reputation by his plates, one of which, from Rembrandt's 'Cornelius the Centurion,' is especially prized by collectors. He continued for some years to practice both arts, painting and engraving: the former, however, was that to which his inclination leaned most strongly, and to it his attention was at length entirely devoted, although it was contrary to the advice of his friends; at a time, moreover, when he had refused, in one year, commissions to the extent of £2000, he relinquished the tools of the engraver. From his intimacy with Morland, his taste for painting showed itself in the representation of cattle, and this class of subject was his speciality throughout his long life. Referring to this change in his practice, he says, in the notice we previously published—"Being some time in the Isle of Thanet, I received an order from Sir John Sinclair, President of the Agricultural Society, to paint a high-bred cow, and this I effected so satisfactorily that Lord Somerville, who succeeded to the presidency, entered into an engagement with Messrs. Boydell, under the patronage of the king and other friends of the society, to publish specimens of all the various breeds of cattle. I travelled through a great portion of the United Kingdom, and painted more than two hundred portraits of animals; but the king and the patrons, and the publishers, died, the society sank, leaving me a loser to the amount of many hundred pounds." But the works executed for the society brought him into high repute, and established him as the horse and cattle-painter of the day.

Mr. Ward's style of painting, whether landscape or cattle, has always appeared to be founded on that of Rubens; the tendency in that direction may have arisen from the following incident, given in his narrative:—"Sir George Beaumont bought a large landscape by Rubens for 1500 gs.—the 'Rubens's Chateau,' now in the National Gallery—"it was at West's house, and he invited me to see it. I did so, and remained in the room nearly the whole day, during which I heard the opinions of the various visitors, and the general observation was that Rubens sized some colours or vehicles which we did not. I said nothing, but took the size of the picture, and, procuring a similar panel, painted my 'Bulls fighting across a tree at St. Donat's Castle,' and then invited West to look at it. The latter went instantly for Sir G. Beaumont, who came and expressed his admiration of the work. At a subsequent period, West brought it under the notice of Mr. Beckford, and said in my presence, 'Mr. Beckford, I consider this the perfection of execution; and when I go into my painting-room and look at the Rubens, it is gross and vulgar.'"

We wonder if the 'Titian Venus,' exhibited for the last three or four years in London, and recently sold, as it has been said, to the Duke of Wellington, for £400, can be traced to the following incident, related in Mr. Ward's narrative; the history of this picture was always a secret with the late owner. "There was a law-suit between Mr. Bryan and

Lord — about a 'Venus,' by Titian, and he asked me if I could copy it. I did so, and, when done, Bryan said, 'Now Lord — may take which he pleases.' It answered the intended purpose, the Titian was privately got back, and I have reason to believe that my copy was destroyed." Mr. Ward says he believes the copy was destroyed, but it may well be doubted whether a fine copy of a valuable picture—as it may be presumed, the 'Venus' was—would be consigned to destruction.

There is, too, another story about a picture—one in which the public is more intimately concerned—that we again bring forward, for we do not remember that any inquiry has been made concerning the work in question since our former notice of it, in 1849. Soon after Mr. Ward was elected an Associate of the Academy, "an introduction to Lord Ribblesdale led to his painting a large picture for his lordship, of a curious water-fall, near the family seat, Gisbourn, Yorkshire. On the death of this nobleman, his son, who had been a pupil of Mr. Ward, came to him, and said, that he was unwilling so fine a work of Art should be hidden in an obscure part of the country; and, therefore, with the artist's permission, he would present it to the intended National Gallery; but, till this was built, he proposed depositing it at the British Museum," where, as Mr. Ward told us at the period referred to, it then was, *rolled up*. We think it would be expedient for the Director of the National Gallery to make some inquiry for the aforesaid picture; and if, upon examination, it be found worthy of a place among our British pictures at Kensington,—of which there can be little doubt, it may be presumed,—it ought to go there; the collection, if we remember rightly, contains only one example of this veteran painter's pencil, the 'View in De Tabley Park,' in the Vernon Gallery. His large allegorical picture of the 'Triumph of Wellington,' painted, in competition, for Chelsea Hospital, was also, at the date when the artist wrote, "*rolled up* in the gallery upon my own rollers, on which it was placed," after being hung, or fixed in positions where it was, at one time, damaged, and, at another, invisible. As we have not for some years entered the hall of the hospital, we are unable to say what is now the fate of this work. The great 'Bull,' painted to rival Paul Potter's celebrated picture, is at the Crystal Palace.

Mr. Ward's last appearance as an exhibitor was in 1855, when he contributed to the Royal Academy a picture entitled, 'The Morning grey, with Cattle of different breeds.' He has left behind him one son, Mr. G. R. Ward, the well-known mezzotint engraver, whose daughter, an artist who has already won golden opinions for her talents, is married to Mr. E. M. Ward, the Academician, so that the family name yet retains a place of honour among the living representatives of Art, although Mr. E. M. Ward is not a blood-relation of the veteran artist.

To his undoubted talents as an artist, Mr. James Ward added other mental qualities of a high character: his manners were simple and remarkably unpretending, and his piety of that kind which sustains its possessor through the anxieties of life, and brings peace at the last.

MR. FRANK STONE, A.R.A.

The death of Mr. Stone, on the 18th of November, was, like that of Mr. James Ward, briefly mentioned in our last Number, the intelligence of both events reaching us on the eve of our going to press.

The biographical sketches of our principal living artists, which, during some years past, have been introduced into the *Art-Journal*, generally leave us but little to add when, unhappily, the subjects of them pass away from the sphere of their labours. Mr. Stone's career will be found traced out in the number for November, 1856: it was, we believe, either in that year or the one preceding it, that a short residence on the coast of France appeared to turn his thoughts into a new channel of pictorial subject; and, certainly, his latest works may be classed among his best, if not the best; they exhibit more vigour of mind, and a higher appreciation of the dignity of Art, combined with a firmer and richer style of execution, than the numerous pictures which were antecedent to them, and which the engraver had made so familiar. There is little doubt that, had his life been spared a few years longer,—

though not a young man,—we should have seen from his pencil works which would have justly raised him in the esteem of the Art-critic.

Mr. Stone's death was caused, we have heard, from an affection of the heart, and was very sudden; he was in his 60th year. His son, Mr. Marcus Stone, in one or two pictures he has exhibited, gives abundant promise of good things for the future.

THE EARL DE GREY, K.G., &c., &c.

On the 7th of November last, the winter session of the Royal Institute of British Architects was opened in the new saloons in Conduit Street. The chair, as long has been the custom on these occasions, was occupied by the noble President, the Earl de Grey. The duties of chairman, on this occasion, were discharged by the venerable nobleman with his habitual graceful courtesy, and with such spirit also and vivacity, that advancing years appeared, indeed, to sit lightly upon him. Another seven days passed away, and the mortal career of Earl de Grey had been brought to a close. His lordship died at his mansion in St. James's Square, on Monday, November 14th, having nearly completed his seventy-eighth year.

The columns of our contemporaries have duly given biographical notices of the deceased earl; and to them we leave the office of setting forth such particulars of his life, together with such details concerning the succession to his rank and honours, as are usually introduced into similar memoirs. We desire, however, in the most emphatic terms to record our own grateful sense of the truly noble manner in which Earl de Grey has identified his name with the Arts of his country. Always easy of access, and frank and courteous in deportment and conversation, Earl de Grey delighted in opportunities of showing himself to be the friend of artists and lovers of Art; an accomplished connoisseur, he was also a judicious and open-handed patron. None who, like ourselves, have enjoyed the privilege of repeated personal conferences with the late Earl de Grey, and, indeed, no one who has ever been present either at the gatherings of the artist-world of London under his roof, or at the meetings of the Institute of Architects, and of the Architectural Museum, at which he presided, will fail to retain a happy and as grateful remembrance of this deservedly lamented, because deservedly esteemed and respected, nobleman. It is always a source of peculiar satisfaction when the possessors of exalted rank stand forward to uphold and advance the cause of Art, and to show that they are able to understand and appreciate its worthiness. Art well knows how to reciprocate the distinction thus conferred, and upon those who have most signally honoured her, she is able to bestow fresh honours. The name of Earl de Grey will live through his association with the English art of his day, no less honourably than from the fact of its having been enrolled with the peers of England, and the Knights of the Garter. We trust that his example will exert a becoming influence upon others in his own social position, as well as upon all who, like himself, have at heart the true honour and best interests of Art.

MR. FRANCIS GRAVES.

Mr. Francis Graves was the second son of Mr. Robert Graves, printseller, and grandson of Mr. Robert Graves, also printseller, of Catherine Street, Strand.

He was born at 31, Brook Street, Holborn, on the 25th of December, 1802. His taste for Fine Art, and especially that branch of it to which he in after life devoted himself so earnestly, was shown in early childhood, for even at a tender age he was able to describe the subjects of prints and other works. At the age of thirteen he was placed in the house of Mr. Anthony Molteno, of Pall Mall, who at first objected to his youthful appearance, but when he found him qualified with so much information and experience, he gladly availed himself of his services; and more particularly so since the death of Mr. Molteno, senior, had left him in want of that kind of assistance that Francis Graves could supply.

He remained here until 1836, engaged in the formation of many of the finest collections of engravings in this country, and adding to his extensive knowledge, especially of the works of the old masters.

In 1836 he removed to the establishment of Mr. Martin Colnaghi, in Cockspur Street, where he remained until 1838, when he transferred his vast and valuable stock of knowledge to the firm of his brother, Mr. Henry Graves, of Pall Mall, where he continued, devoting his attention more especially to the ancient masters, and to historical portraiture. Many valuable and interesting works have been identified, and added to the National Portrait Gallery, through the attention that he has given to the features, persons, and styles, as handed down to us by the arts, of personages who have figured in general history.

His death took place suddenly on the afternoon of Saturday, the 15th of October, and his remains were interred in Highgate Cemetery. Mr. Graves was married in 1836; his widow and one son survive him.

His place will not be easily supplied; he was courteous and gentlemanly in habits and demeanour, and generally intelligent in all Art matters.

MR. GEORGE WILFRED ANTHONY.

This gentleman, an artist and Art-critic well known in his native city, Manchester, died there on the 14th of November last. After studying landscape-painting under Mr. Ralston, of Manchester, and Mr. J. V. Barber, of Birmingham, Creswick's early master, Mr. Anthony commenced his profession in the former city; subsequently he removed to Preston, thence to Wigan, and finally settled down at Manchester, as a drawing-master. Any one who knows how the time of a good teacher is occupied in a large provincial town, must be aware he has few opportunities left for improving himself; this was his case: and, as a result, Mr. Anthony's pictures, though they evidence taste, knowledge of the requisites of Art, and judgment, never rose to a high standard. But as an Art-critic, a reviewer of pictures in the annual local exhibition, written for one of the leading Manchester papers (the *Guardian*), his remarks were sound, just, and discriminating, and were ever well-expressed. His loss will be much felt in the circle in which he moved: a large attendance of brother-artists and of his pupils at his funeral, showed the respect in which they held his memory.

Mr. M. Anthony, one of our London landscape-painters, was induced to take up the pencil by the example of the deceased, his cousin and earliest master.*

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1859.

THE Thirty-second annual Report of the Council of the Royal Scottish Academy has recently been placed in our hands; it is satisfactory to those most interested in the proceedings of that institution, and scarcely less so to all who wish well to British Art, wherever it finds exponents.

The document states that the council, who have now completed their year of official duty, have the high satisfaction—while surrendering their trust into the hands of their constituents—of being enabled to congratulate the Academy on its continued progress and prosperity. The recent exhibition, as an evidence of advancement, "was, perhaps, the most successful that has ever taken place in Scotland." Two auspicious events in the history of Art in that country, though not immediately connected with the proceedings of the Academy, yet affecting its interests, have occurred in Edinburgh within the past year; both are considered capable of being made immediately and prospectively beneficial: the one, the extension of Art-education to thousands instead of hundreds; the other, the successful opening of the Scottish National Gallery; both under the direction of the Hon. the Board of Manufactures.

* Mr. Anthony has left a widow with four young children; there is yet one unborn, who will enter the world an orphan. They are, we understand, according to the usual phrase, "totally unprovided for." This case may be quoted as the most recent in proof of the necessity of an Artists' Orphan Asylum; and it is by no means improbable, that his two little fatherless girls—one five and the other seven years of age—will be the earliest inmates of the projected Institution. We may imagine what exceeding comfort would have been conveyed to his death-bed if this suggestion could have been made to him before his departure.

The scheme of opening evening exhibitions to admit at a small fee those who could not, without sacrifice, pay the ordinary admission fees, or attend during the day—a project which the Scottish Academy has the merit of originating—has become a favourite intellectual enjoyment with that part of the community, who now crowd the galleries in the evening almost to overflowing. During the six weeks that the exhibition was open during the past year, the number of evening visitors was not less than 50,000. "From the interest," says the report, "which this movement has excited among influential members of the most important metropolitan Art-Institutions, the council are not without hope that those distinguished bodies will see it to be not less their honour than their interest to provide that the best modern Art, like the best modern Literature, may be made part of the daily solace and intellectual food of the masses of the people." We have frequently urged this plan upon the members of the Royal Academy of London; hitherto ineffectually. Why will not they give it, at least, a trial? we find no complaints from Edinburgh of injury to the pictures by gas-light, or from the presence of "masses of the people;" and if pecuniary considerations are an objection, there can be no fear of the result; for, we imagine, few people who now pay their shilling for admittance—and even with this aristocratic payment, come away from the rooms weary and heated with the pressure of the crowds—would be likely to bear these inconveniences in a far higher degree for the sake of gaining admittance at the rate of two or three pence, or even sixpence. No; the shilling payment would always fill the gallery during the day, and a considerable increase to the funds of the Academy must arise from the thousands who, from warehouse, shop, office, and out-door labour, would throng the evening exhibition. Again we say, let the London Academy make the experiment, and not show themselves behind their northern brethren in a kindly concession to the wants and pleasures of the working classes.

The pecuniary position of the Scottish Academy is encouraging: by prudence and economy, to which liberality has also lent its aid, the funds of the institution have so far progressed, as to enable successive councils to accumulate such funds as will, in three years' time, with a continuance of the present measure of prosperity, amount to £20,000: the interest of this capital is devoted to the necessitous members and families of the academical body, and to the support of Schools of Art connected with the society.

The National Gallery of Scotland, the Curator of which is Mr. Johnstone, R.S.A., was opened to the public on the 22nd of March last. "Although having no part in the immediate management of this institution, the council feel it to be no less their duty than their privilege to congratulate the Academy and the country on an event so auspicious, and so fraught with the future well-being of Art in Scotland. The high value which has been attached to the Academy's pictures—numbering about one hundred and fifty—will be amply sustained by an intelligent inspection of the gallery, where they hold so distinguished a place. . . . If so much has been acquired by a professional body of artists in the struggling noviciate of their early corporate existence, how much more may not be expected from the Academy of the future, with its early difficulties surmounted?"

Several valuable pictures have been presented to the Academy during the year, and are acknowledged by the council.

Since the report of the year 1858 was published three academicians, Mr. G. Stell, Mr. E. Nicol, and Mr. W. Brodie, have been elected; the three associates chosen to supply the vacancies caused by the election of these artists, were Messrs. H. Cameron, J. C. Wintour, and W. Mc Taggart.

Sir J. W. Gordon, R.A., is executing a half-length portrait of Sir John Shaw Lefevre, for the Academy's permanent gallery; and Mr. J. Steele, R.S.A., a bust in marble of the Right Hon. James Wilson, for the same destination: the portrait of this gentleman, painted by Sir J. W. Gordon, and a present from the Academy to Mrs. Wilson, is in the possession of that lady.

The above are the principal points brought forward in the report for 1859. It is, as we have intimated, highly satisfactory, and generally encouraging.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTISTS.

BY THE LATE E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

No. 7.—J. M. W. TURNER.

I CAN'T say that I knew much of the great Joseph William Mallord Turner, the landscape-painter; and in this respect am but in the condition of the public, with few exceptions, and of the body of artists generally. No man, perhaps, ever lived so much in himself, and out of society, as Turner. He had a house and studio in Queen Ann Street, which nobody ever appeared to enter; and while smart dwellings around it were brushed up from time to time, and underwent all sorts of changes, Turner's remained ever the same; the walls, and doors, and windows seemed never to have been touched: all was as cold and dirty as a warehouse doing no business. Nor was anything alive ever seen in it, pass when and as often as you would, but an old tabby cat, lying upon a bit of ragged green baize, on a table at the area window; and sometimes an old woman in a mob cap, who looked like a being of the last century, or the other world. Of course, nobody had any business with this, and nobody made any remarks, or only took notice of it privately. Personally, Turner was as much a character as his house, and as cold and forbidding in aspect. I have witnessed meetings between him and those who considered themselves in the light of friends. I have seen a "friend" seize his arm in a public room, and attempt to walk and to speak with him; and have seen him receive much the same treatment as a butcher would meet with who attempted to put his arm under the fore-leg of an unsocial and impracticable pig. It is said he could talk, and that he had a good deal of sedate fun, seasoned with a spice of sarcasm: I have heard casual remarks from him, which betrayed neither of these qualities—except, perhaps, a little of the last, which I observed was accompanied with a certain self-complacent grunt. He professed to know me personally, and once or twice I have put this knowledge to the direct test by asking him who I was, and by his reply have ascertained that his recollection was about as good as his word, or his acquaintance. I know a gentleman who sat next him at a dinner-table, one, too, of such a stock of resources and acquirements as would move a stoic, but not more than a few words could be obtained from Turner. It was clear that Turner was at home, from the familiar way in which he addressed one of the ladies of the family; and his silence or sulkiness was afterwards accounted for by the master of the house calling him aside, and pointedly asking him what was the matter, when it was ascertained, that upon handing him his cheque for a seven hundred pound picture, he had forgotten to pay the hire of the coach, in which Turner had come, and brought the picture with him. There is but little dependence to be placed upon the numerous stories extant, and by no means to his credit, I therefore speak only of what I know and saw. Turner was a short, vulgar-looking man, with an ordinary head, and a coarse, red, "pimple" face, utterly devoid of any degree of refinement or intelligence. I cannot recollect any other clever man I ever saw who did not carry evidence of the fact in his face; Turner was the exception. It was impossible to make anything of such a head, such a face, look, and expression. So far from its bearing the impress of anything like thought, there was a vulgar, half-suppressed giggle, that seemed imprisoned in features too rigid or obstinate to let it escape; while in the twinkle of his eye there was a kind of triumph and self-satisfaction, as much as to say, you might look, but you could not make him out; but with this he showed no disposition to face, but to escape from, observation. I have heard that he possessed amiability, and even virtues, which is certainly not impossible, but I never heard of any in proof and detail. Such a character was expected to furnish its own history, and some biography has been looked for since his death, but it has not appeared. Something, however, must be said to the honour of Turner, as to the mode in which he disposed of his wealth; perhaps, enough to excuse or palliate the means he is said to have employed in obtaining it.

The leaving his pictures to the nation may be regarded as much an act of vanity as of munificence; but his gift to the Royal Academy, for benevolent purposes, and to the President of that institution, for sustaining his station without inconvenience, may be taken as examples of right thinking, and good sense, and good feeling. Both Chantrey, the sculptor, and Turner, made that disposition of their spare wealth, which ought to be followed as a model and an example in all pursuits. Every man should offer homage to the profession he has pursued and benefited by; in doing so he would lessen its difficulties, advance its dignity, and diminish the labour and obstacles of its votaries and professors. It would be a compliment to himself, as it would indicate the existence of difficulties in a pursuit which he had had the talent and industry to overcome.

Enough has been said, perhaps, about the material man, short, stumpy, and vulgar, without one redeeming personal qualification, slovenly in dress, not over cleanly, and devoid of all signs of the habits of a gentleman, or a man moving in good society.

Having said thus much, we come naturally to Turner as an artist, and here we have to struggle in a dilemma, from the entanglement of which it is not easy to escape. Turner, as is well known in the profession, and by his own admission, was sometimes an enigma to himself, which, as a rash experimentalist, he must necessarily have been. Turner is peculiar in reputation as having been taken up and made the idol and theme of one redundant in resources. As the *protégé* of Mr. Ruskin, Turner has both gained and suffered, in the way usual in similar cases; an exposition of the merits he really possessed did him good, while laying claim to those that are imaginary, and found only in the mind of the writer, although it may be said that Art benefited, the painter suffered. The beauties described as belonging to Turner, whether possessed or not, are such, nevertheless, as lie within the province of Art, and may be made available to its professors; as the peculiar possessions of Turner, they are false and ridiculous. Mr. Ruskin's Pegasus is a young colt that, in breaking ground, and dashing wildly over the course, loses the stake he runs for, but exhibits to advantage the horsemanship of his rider. If Turner had really possessed half the powers, as an artist, attributed to him by his adorer, he would, indeed, have been the great man he is represented to be; and not have become, when examined, what the object of adoration generally turns out to be, not a Dulcinea of beauty, but an ordinary mortal.

Turner was among the first of those who gave landscape art an importance and a character in this country. He is another instance of native power acting for itself, unaided, and against circumstances. As the son of a barber, he was not born with the silver spoon of worldly advantages in his mouth, but the golden ladle of Art, a much higher boon, was his inheritance; his power came from an impulse circumstances could not subdue, but by management, address, and perseverance, it was augmented. That indefatigable labour, of which he boasted, and proved himself capable, stood him in his strength and power; having once been directed to the right thing, he could not be beguiled from it, but he persevered until he mastered it. Even the selfishness of his habits assisted him; he wanted little, and indulged in nothing that could draw him off from the object upon which he was fixed.

If Mr. Ruskin had given his mind to the study of what genius really is, in its true nature, and not in its ordinary acceptance, he might have enlightened the world upon a much more important subject than the qualities of Turner's pictures, in which common opinion declares he has run wild, if not gone stark mad. Ruskinism has done that mischief to Turner—as is suggested by the result of some late sales of his pictures—that it will do to a certain class of artists it has taken up; and who, in a short time, will fall down to their true level, when the dupes who have paid so highly for their spurious wares will find out their mistake to their cost.

Turner is clearly and fairly entitled to the honour of lifting landscape art from its lowly condition as a mere imitative art, to one of high pretensions. From the time of Claude and Poussin landscape art had sunk into inanity and emptiness; Wilson, and Gainsborough, in his way, had done a little to give it vitality; but it was utterly devoid of all dignity

until Turner took it up. He commenced soberly, and continued for some years to follow like a true aspirant, and a warm lover of nature. It is difficult to conceive where, in any part of the soul of such a body, a spark of the true fire of poetry could be found; yet it was found, and carried into the works of the middle portion of his artistic career, in a manner that was felt and acknowledged by the world. That is to say, it was felt in England, in which, my experience assures me, there is full as much taste as in any country, and a peculiar aptitude for the appreciation of such works as Turner produced. No other country appears to have felt this kind of merit as it was felt at home, and in this we see the clue to Turner's great success and popularity. I do not find that in foreign countries Turner was at all esteemed. In a subsequent portion of his life Turner was in Rome, and there exhibited pictures which (no disgrace, I must say) won him no credit. At the time he was in the "Eternal City," an English tradesman was living there, who made a great to do, and sold English mustard; and when his namesake came and exposed his wares, the Romans, who are a peculiar class of jokers, proclaimed that one sold mustard, and the other painted it. Some intelligent Romans, with whom I talked, wondered that the English could be so devoid of taste, as to admire and tolerate such extravagant productions.

The world knows so little of Turner that it cannot judge very accurately of the source and origin of the great wealth of which he died possessed; some say lucky ventures in the Funds, others attribute it to great industry in his vocation, and others to practices less worthy. But for many years he had no competitors in the line of Art he adopted, and the grand secret appears to be that he took full advantage of his power, in every sense of the word, to preserve the impression he had made upon the public. Sufficiently enriched, Turner appears to have set up his standard of independence, and to have done that which all aspiring men would desire to do—follow the bent of his fancy; revel, and even run riot, in the pictorial world, peopled and furnished with the endless stock of his impressions from nature, and the great mass of his experience in Art. The worst, and least successful, of these attempts, are still interesting to artists; they verge, in some instances, upon what is impossible to Art, as the attempts of a musician will sometimes show that he conceives more than his instrument is capable of doing. If you hear the grating of the bow, or the twang of the string, it betrays the defects of the instrument, but it speaks plainly for the conception of the performer, who wants more out of it than he can get. A great deal, therefore, of what the world regards as failure and extravagance, is, to the profession, proof positive of power failing to reach its end, through the inefficiency of the means. That Turner amused himself—and, it may be said, in a sad sense, *took advantage*—by the experiments he made upon the want of information in the public, does not admit of a doubt.

There was a picture in an exhibition of the old Royal Academy at Somerset House, which made just the stir among the common and uncommon judges of Art he intended it should. A gentleman, a friend of Turner's, met him in the Strand, and commenced at once speaking to him of some picture he had seen criticised. Turner made no direct reply, but asked in a tone of great fun, "Have you seen my Jessica in the mustard-pot?" The gentleman was taken by surprise, and, before he recovered, Turner was hurrying away along the pavement, holding his hand over his face, and smothering an uncontrollable laugh. I have every wish to avoid treating Turner unfairly; but it is much to be doubted if experiments were not made upon the pockets of the public, as well as upon their taste. Turner had earned large sums of the public, and been paid handsomely for the labour by which such works were produced; but, towards the end of his career, he took advantage of this, and obtained similar sums for pictures which had cost him neither labour nor thought, and which he knew to be unworthy of him. In this way, and with this object, a mass of absolute trash was put forth, which excited general disgust, and, in a few years, will find its level. His admirers kept on their old game of praise and comment—some through ignorance, and others through interested motives, by which means

a double imposition was practised upon the public, which they are just now finding out. To say the least of it, it is unfortunate that Turner should, wilfully or otherwise, have lent himself to this deception, and put the proceeds in his pocket. As a needy man, there might have been some excuse for him; rich, as he was, there was none.

Many of the pictures in the gallery appropriated to him in Marlborough House are lamentable examples of want of care, as well as conscience; and, critically speaking, the collection, as a whole, somewhat impeaches the talent and powers of the artist, and, to a very great extent, impairs the influence exercised to swell his reputation as a grand imposition. None question Turner's merits and powers as a painter; but these qualities are not found evidenced in *all* his works. The man of true taste and honesty will not fail to see a repulsive monotony of treatment pervading every subject, and a total absence, in most, of that freshness of feeling, which is as often exhibited by himself as by any artist living or dead, and which ever attends an earnest yearning after excellence. In a great number of these productions, there is no proof of the true motive; such pictures appear to be made by a recipe, and to order. They are same, and mannered to excess. Each contains a large splash of light in the centre, with certain masses of *darks* grouped round. Nor is there often any variety, novelty, or ingenuity comprised in these; so that the treatment, in a few examples, becomes vapid and commonplace. This continual trick, often much marred in the process by slovenly treatment, has the less to recommend it, since it has no claim to originality in Art; and, as regards Nature, it is partial, insulting, and injurious to the boundless and eternal variety of effects, in which she presents herself to our notice and admiration. Take, as a test of the truth of this observation, the three or four pictures by Claude, hung in conjunction with about the same number of Turner's in the National Gallery. In the first, as you enter, Claude gives you this effect of the sun in the centre of his picture, better executed and more effective than anything of the sort of which Turner is the imitator. But in Claude you do not find this effect repeated; in each of the other specimens are those varied effects by which nature is ever characterized; return to Turner, and in each example you find this effect repeated. Claude was a sloven in his figures, but what shall be said of Turner?—perhaps that he was a landscape and not a figure painter; then he should not have put them into his pictures, but have done, as sometimes Claude did, get another painter to do them. No man can look upon these works without perceiving the coarse, unscrupulous mind and hand from which they came, and which, in spite of all false criticism and sordid interests can do, will not save them from the condemnation of a wiser and more honest generation.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

LECTURES ON POTANY.

On the 16th of November last, the first of a course of fourteen lectures on botany, as applied to the Fine and Ornamental Arts, was delivered by Dr. Dresser, in the theatre of the South Kensington Museum; the remainder have been, and will be, continued until the course is completed. The terms of admission are within the reach of all, being, to those who are engaged in teaching, but one shilling for the entire course, and two shillings and sixpence to all else.

These lectures will, doubtless, prove of great value to those who are engaged in the Fine Arts, as Dr. Dresser is thoroughly acquainted with the wants of the Art-student, having spent nearly eight years of his own life in the study of the Ornamental Arts. Of those lectures which have already been delivered, we subjoin the following brief sketch.

Lecture I. was commenced by separating the objects which were about to be treated of, from all other works of creation, as far as modern science will permit; and then, after other preliminary matters, the vegetable "Cell," which is the unit of all floral structures, was fully considered. The object of this somewhat minute exposition of the microscopic unit of vegetation was to give

that knowledge which must be possessed before the principle of plant-life can be to any extent understood; and the lecturer remarked that he did not, for one moment, merely wish to make those whom he was addressing faithful delineators of vegetable objects, but he wished to convey to them the fullest knowledge of the principles of the life of plants, that they might be enabled to give that feeling of vitality which was of the utmost value in all representations of living things. It must not be forgotten that the cell is not merely the unit of all vegetable structures, but also that out of this simple element all the vegetable beauties of nature are formed; and the lesson must, by no means, be lost, that a small unit, by judicious disposition, may become much: and do we not find this, to a wonderful degree, manifested by certain of Owen Jones's beautiful compositions? Some of these consist of little more than one unit indefinitely repeated, which simple form, we might fear, at first sight, would soon be ridden to death; but here, as in the case of the cell, in the hands of nature, it is rather ridden into animation and life. This lecture closed with a notice of all the morphological changes of which the cell is susceptible.

Lecture II. was devoted to the Stem and Root. Relative to the root it was noticed that in an ornament there is no necessity for a root, as this organ is a body provided by nature, to enable the plant to become fixed in a given position, and to extract nourishment for its sustenance; but from the fact that plants, the natural types of ornament, had roots, no argument could be drawn that an ornament should have any equivalent to this organ. Respecting the stem, all the parts connected with it, and its diversified habits, were noticed, all of which must be considered by those who delineate vegetable objects; then it was viewed as giving the chief lines of the ornamental compositions of vegetable nature.

Lecture III. was on the Leaf-bud and Leaf. The leaf has long been known in ornament as the type of all foliage, but a new world was opened up by the introduction of a number of sections of leaf-buds, in which the leaves were arranged in the most rigidly orderly and ornamental manner. Many points of deep interest to the ornamentist relative to the leaf were noticed, as well as particulars which demand the consideration of all pictorial painters.

Lecture IV. gave a number of details, of considerable value, respecting the Flower-bud, and parts associated with it.

EXHIBITION OF OBJECTS OF ART AT THE GREAT WESTERN TERMINUS.

In the Board-room of the Great Western Railway, an evening and morning exhibition, of a mixed character, was held during three days in the early part of last month, with a view to assist the funds of "The Great Western Railway Literary Society"—an association of the superior officers of the railway, promoted by the Company, with a view to intellectual culture. This, being a close institution, is not publicly known; nor is it generally known whether there are, or not, similar institutions open to the *employés* of the other great lines: if there are not, this is an example sufficiently worthy to be followed by all. The board-room is a spacious and handsome apartment, required by the directory only twice a year. During, therefore, the long intervals, it is kindly conceded to the society, for whose convenience it is partitioned into three rooms, of which one is a reading-room, another a class-room, and the third appropriated to some equally useful purpose. The library, another spacious apartment, contains about five thousand volumes, which circulate among the subscribers, and the reading-room is supplied with all the first-class journals, by presentation, direct from the printing-offices. Throughout the room were distributed pictures, sculpture, objects of *vertu*, literary and scientific curiosities, rare zoological specimens, and a variety of other interesting material. But, perhaps, the contribution that excited the greatest curiosity, was the "golden" bed, which has been presented to her Majesty, by some Indian nawaub or rajah, whose name and style we have forgotten. The bed is

valued at £150,000, but it is questionable that even the most liberal estimation would in anywise approach such a sum. The bed is small and low, and in manufacture apparently very slight. It is, perhaps, not intended for use, but being called a bed, it should, at least, look as if it could be used as one. It is of the kind called "four-post," but the posts are extremely thin, and overlaid with gold, and terminate below in heavy, bell-shaped feet. The top is of the *dos d'ane* shape, sloping down to the ends. The draperies are scanty, and thus suitable for the climate of India; they consist of thick green silk, with a crimson lining of similar material, and are most curiously worked with the well-known Indian shawl border pattern. Thus, in appearance, it is extremely unpretending, and is, perhaps, in design and character, less interesting than would have been a similar piece of furniture of the Oriental manufacture of a thousand years ago. This bed was brought from Windsor, by the gracious permission of her Majesty.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A MOVE has at length been made by the Academy—unanimously, it may be said—and we pray that no after-canker may rob it of the grace of its beginning. All honour to the man who has signalled himself as the first to raise a voice against an abuse of privilege flagrant beyond example in these days. It has long been known that the Academy has been a divided house; between elder and younger members there has been a want of accord in all things, save a literal compliance with the ordinances of their common constitution. We turn, however, the page of the past history of the Academy; but it is a striking fact, that in no other country than this could a citadel of Art have held out for a quarter of a century against the voice of the court, the senate, the people, and of all the most acute of the profession.

It has been for some time known, that Mr. Cope had given notice of a motion having in view the extension of the academic corporation. That motion stood for the 5th of November, and on that day it was brought forward, amid an unusually full meeting of academicians, the chair being filled by the president. The reform of the Academy was the great business of the hour, in comparison with which all else shrunk into small formalities. Mr. Cope, in a spirited and generous address, adverted to the past and the present of the Academy, spoke of what the body had done, and what they ought to do—their school had contributed greatly to raise the character of British Art—that many of their most eminent members were pupils of their own school—that it was but justice to themselves that they should advance with the times—a step that involved their own justification with the nation, and the principle of justice to others. Mr. Cope, during the exposition of his views, was most cordially supported by many of the most distinguished members of the Academy. His speech terminated with a motion to increase the number of the associates, which was seconded by Mr. Redgrave and Mr. Westmacott, in speeches impressive and appropriate. The resolution may be said to have been passed unanimously. There was no opposition; on the contrary, Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Edwin Landseer, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Ward, and others, declared their coincidence in Mr. Cope's views. But there are yet the details to be considered; the increase is voted, and to be hailed as a substantial benefit to the profession, it must be a full and entire measure of good. The government has allowed to the Academy ample time for a consideration of their standing with the profession, with parliament, and with the country. They have been required to pronounce their decision, and thus far nothing can be more satisfactory. Of the involutions of artist-life the public know no more than of the individual biology of any other profession; an illustrated history of the Academy would present many pictures of broken hearts. It were, however, ungracious to attain a beginning so fair; for many years there have been in the corporation men who have raised their voices in favour of liberal concessions, but their generous impulse has been countervailed by the mere inert *impedimenta* of the institution. These men need fear in their art no competition; indeed, their feeling is to

invite it, and for their sakes the past should be forgotten, and the announcement received in the most honourable spirit. It will be said that, upon the part of the Academy, they yield only to pressure—that it is with them a saving measure—that at Burlington House they receive more than an equivalent for what they give; but it must be borne in mind, that the passing of the present measure does not, with the liberal section of the academicians, arise from recent conversion, but from ancient conviction.

The reform of the institution will, of course, comprehend that most obnoxious and damaging provision, which requires candidates to register their names during the kalends or the nones of May. Every artist of power has, at some time, stood at the door of the Academy and knocked, and some many times; it is not necessary to say to how few the door has been opened. The list of last May has been published, and it is rich, in comparison with those of former years, after the best men were wearied of writing themselves down in that book. The list of this year is starred with some good names, because it was known that there were to be changes in the constitution of the body; but how many others are there in the list who are either unfavourably reputed in their art, or not known at all! If this be discreditable to the Academy, how much more so have been those lists of candidates, which contained the names of scarcely any artists of promise. The details of the concession have, as we just remarked, yet to be determined; and it is to be hoped that these will be dealt with in a spirit at once fair to the profession, and honourable to the Academy. Every well-wisher to the Art of our country will deprecate a wholesale admission of men who will, for the nonce, paint up to the conditions of qualification, but who afterwards become mere traffickers in pictures. The academic body, even as it stands, is not without men of this class. Every British artist of distinguished merit has a right to membership of the Academy, and those gentlemen who are the soul of the movement cannot stop short of a large accession to their numbers. In the Water Colour Societies, the rule of non-limitation has worked unexceptionably; but, of late, one of these bodies has shown itself as exclusive as the Academy. Why, therefore, should there be any limitation to the numbers of the Academy, if the principle involve neither inconvenience nor peril? It has been proposed to elect candidates at once to the full privileges of the institution; this would be unobjectionable in respect of artists who are well known in all their professional relations, of which the bases should be a devotion to their art, with the power and the will to produce good works. We will adduce one evidence of the great necessity of change. It is not necessary to quote great names to attest the fact that our school of landscape art is the freshest and most beautiful the world has yet seen. For the life of green and fragrant nature, the verdant landscape, is ours indisputably; let those who doubt it, if they be not content with any ordinary exhibition—for every one of them contains something of the beautiful and the true—let them, we say, go to Kensington, and ask themselves if they have ever seen or dreamt of anything to rival the all but supernatural splendours they may there behold. But rich as we are in landscape power, there has, of late years, been an absolute want of what may be called landscape proper by members of the Academy; this is a crying defect in an institution which should be at the head of the most eminent school of modern landscape. It is but justice to their own pupils that they should admit them to membership; but justice has been exercised too exclusively.

It has been proposed that the Old Water Colour Society should be embodied with the Academy, but to this the water-colour painters demur. They have made their own position: their art is a wonder to all the schools of Europe, and they decide to remain in the enjoyment of that distinction which they have, unassisted, achieved. If the reform now understood to be granted be worthily carried out, it must seriously affect every other art institution; but as the time is come for decision, we may await further announcements, after which we shall revert to a subject of so much interest and importance not only immediately to the profession, but also to the Art of the country.

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART VI.—RAFFAELLE—No. 1.



HARD comparatively, as was the duration of the pontificate of Leo X., it sufficed to render his name illustrious in the annals of Art and Literature as one of their greatest patrons. The golden days of Leo have long been a *dictum* in Europe, for during his reign of less than nine years he gathered around him such a galaxy of men of genius, and offered them such encouragement, that his sovereignty will ever be remembered among the brightest in the muster-roll of potentates. Sprung from a family—the Medici

—distinguished for its power, opulence, and lavish expenditure upon whatever could contribute to the gratification of luxurious taste, Leo surpassed his predecessors in the chair of St. Peter in the measures he adopted for the embellishment of Rome, and for attracting to it all who could confer lustre on his government; thus following, but with more rapid strides, the example of his immediate predecessor, Julius II.

When Leo ascended the papal throne, the Arts in Rome had reached a very high, if not the highest, point of greatness: Leonardo Da Vinci, Michel Angelo, and Raffaele, the two former especially, had produced many of their most celebrated works; and the architect, Bramante, was engaged on the rebuilding of St. Peter's. The death of Julius was followed, at no great interval of time, by the departure from Rome of Michel Angelo, whom Leo sent away to Florence to build the façade of the Church of S. Lorenzo, which had remained unfinished from the time of the pope's grandfather, Cosmo de Medici; and, as a consequence of his absence, Raffaele received from the new pontiff a large increase of favour and patronage. But before proceeding to speak of his works in Rome, a brief outline of his previous life seems necessary here.

In the small town of Urbino, in the Papal States, there lived, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, a family of the name of Sanzio, of which

several members had distinguished themselves, in a greater or less degree, as artists. Giovanni Sanzio was a painter of some considerable reputation, but it has been so entirely eclipsed by that of his son, that he is now scarcely recognised, except as the father of "the divine painter," as Raffaele has, not inappropriately, been called.

Raffaello Sanzio was born on the 28th of March, 1483, at a time when painting had in some measure emancipated itself from the narrow limits of invention and quaintness of style which, till the appearance of Bellini, Francia, Ghirlandaio, Perugino, and others, had characterized it. Giovanni Sanzio, himself an enthusiast in Art, determined that his son should adopt it as a profession, and afforded him the opportunity of profiting by the best instruction. The school of Perugino—the name given to Pietro Vanucchi, from the place of his birth, Perugia—was at this period in great esteem, and thither young Raffaele was sent. Perugino was charmed with the extraordinary talent manifested by his pupil, and not less so with his sweetness of temper, winning manners, and graceful person: he was not long in discovering that the scholar would very soon transcend the master. On the other hand, the former seemed so unconscious of his own powers that he imitated, it is said, the works of Perugino as assiduously as though he were never to be any other than his disciple. "The copies of the one are not distinguishable from the originals of the other; when the pupil worked on the same canvas with the master, the result seems the product of one hand;" while there seems every reason for supposing that the genius of Raffaele had no small influence on the later works of his master. "Both by letter and in conversation," says Hazlitt, in a note appended to his translation of De Quincy's "Life and Works of Raffaele," "the noble-minded master, far from envying the superior success of his pupil, expressed the most sincere gratitude to Giovanni Sanzio for having conferred on his school so great an honour as to give him a pupil of such distinguished merit; and on the return of Raffaele to Perugia, after his visit to Florence, Pietro was the first to admire his works and proclaim his improvement."

Among Raffaele's earliest patrons was Vitellozzo Vitelli, of the illustrious family of that name, resident at Citta di Castello, a town distant about forty-six miles from Urbino. At the court of Vitelli the young artist is said to have taken up his abode, and there he painted many of his earliest works, some of which were preserved there till the French invaded Italy in the present century, and spoiled the country of so large a portion of its Art-treasures.



THEOLOGY, OR THE DISPUTE OF THE SACRAMENT.

The first picture he painted, according to tradition, was 'The Coronation of St. Nicholas of Tolentino'; it was executed when Raffaele was only seventeen

years of age, for the Church of St. Agostino, in Citta di Castello. Lanzi speaks of this composition as being far in advance of the ordinary manner of

the time; but there are no means now of testing its merits. It was purchased from the brotherhood of the church by Pope Pius VI., and placed in the Vatican, whence it was carried away by the French, and ultimately lost.

From the very outset Raffaele seems to have devoted his genius to the service of the Church; sacred and legendary subjects alone were the productions of his pencil; ecclesiastics were his great patrons: indeed, Art at that period had few others—nor did it require any; there were churches and monasteries in abundance, and the clergy attached to them were only too glad to avail themselves of the services of those who could enrich their edifices with meritorious works. Thus we find Raffaele painting at a very early age a 'Crucifixion' for the Church of St. Dominic, at Citta di Castello; a 'Holy Family,' and 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' for the Church of Maddalena degli Oddi, at Perugia; pictures which shadowed forth the power of expression and refined feeling that his maturer works manifested in so high a degree.

"It were a difficult task," says De Quincy, "fully to satisfy the curiosity of the reader as to the degree of authenticity due to the various productions assigned to the first manner of Raffaele. A critical investigation of this nature, it may readily be imagined, is—more particularly out of Italy—the source of infinite doubt and uncertainty: the solution, after all, seems of very slight importance, either to the honour of the artist, or to the character for fidelity of his historian. Doubtless history, which collects with interest the least circumstances of the infancy and youth of celebrated men, in order to trace there prognostics of the qualities which rendered them illustrious, could not have omitted to point out here the manner in which the prince of modern painters preluded, in his earliest essays, the great works which secured him the supremacy he has enjoyed for the last three centuries. . . . It is embarrassing enough for the historian of Art when, instead of facts to relate, he has only works to describe, and this without being able to convey to the reader those delicate resemblances and distinctions which the eye alone can appreciate. The history of Raffaele, indeed, could alone be done thorough justice to in the sight and presence of his works, but this obviously may not be." The truth of these remarks can only be felt by those who, like ourselves, undertake to write the biography of painters; even the aid of engravings will enable us to do little more than convey to the reader an idea of the picture as a composition, for in a copy, however excellent, many of the best points of the picture—its most striking qualities—are very inadequately represented.

At the age of twenty, or somewhat earlier, it is generally believed Raffaele was employed to assist Pinturicchio in the execution of some cartoons at Sienna. The latter artist, who was a fellow-pupil with Raffaele in the school of Perugino, had received a commission from the cardinal Francesco Piccolomini, nephew of Pope Pius II., to decorate the library of the cathedral with a series of pictures, illustrating the principal events of his uncle's career. The extraordinary genius of the young Raffaele had not escaped the notice, nor excited the envy, of his fellow-pupil, who was nearly thirty years his senior, and he associated him with himself in the task he had to perform. How much, or how little, of these frescoes Raffaele actually painted is matter of doubt among connoisseurs of the present day: Vasari says he made the sketches and prepared the cartoons of all the subjects, and the Siennese say he painted the whole work. The former statement is probably true, for the compositions exhibit the influence of a master-mind—one, too, of a character which no antecedent or cotemporary painter is known to have possessed; but the Siennese claim is not so readily granted—at least to the extent they ask for, though it is more than probable that Raffaele painted some portions; and, on the authority of Orsini, as quoted by De Quincy, he "is generally admitted to have himself painted the story nearest to the window as you enter on the right hand, wherein he is supposed to have drawn his own portrait in the person of the handsome young man on horseback." The cartoon of this composition is still preserved,

among other drawings by Raffaele, at Florence, and there is another of the same series in the Casa Baldeschi, at Perugia.

The Tuscan school of painting had at this time reached a position of great eminence, supported by the genius of Michel Angelo, of Leonardo Da Vinci, and other distinguished painters; artists from all parts of Italy hastened to Florence, stimulated by the advantages which the school offered, as well as to see the two celebrated cartoons of the 'Battle of the Standard,' and the 'Battle on the Arno,' executed in competition by Da Vinci and Michel Angelo respectively. The same of these works had reached Raffaele, and, in the autumn of 1504, he visited Florence, furnished by the Duchess of Urbino with a letter of introduction to the *gonfaloniere* Soderini. It is supposed that he had paid a short visit to the city in the previous year, as some of his earlier biographers speak of pictures painted by him both in Florence and Perugia in the year 1503; whether this were the case or not, it is quite evident that the pictures he executed from the date of 1504 possess a grace, purity, and expression not manifest in any of his former works. From this period, remarks Kugler,

"begins his emancipation from the confined manner of Perugino's school; the youth now ripened into independent manhood, and acquired the free mastery of form. If the earlier works of Raffaele are the expression of his own mild spirit, the greater part of those which immediately follow are characterized by an unconstrained and cheerful conception of life."

Before asking our readers to accompany us with Raffaele to Rome, it may not be considered out of place to offer a few remarks upon some of the works now in England, which the artist executed ere he went thither. In the National Gallery are two, one of which, entitled 'The Vision of a Knight,' belongs unquestionably to the Perugino school, and is supposed to have been painted during the time when he was with that master, or, as some think, after Raffaele's first visit to Florence; it is a miniature in oils, very poetical in composition, and, for the period, elegantly expressed: the picture was brought to this country by the late Mr. Ottley, from the Borghese Gallery, and, after passing through the hands of Sir T. Lawrence and others, was purchased, in 1847, for the national collection: the original sketch for the picture, in pen and ink, hangs with it. The other is 'St. Catherine,' painted about the year 1507, and classified with his second style, that is, characterized by the manner he acquired after considerable study at Florence: the expression of the young Christian princess, an Alexandrian, is very beautiful. The picture was brought over here from the Aldobrandini collection in Rome, and was purchased, in 1839, for the National Gallery, at the sale of the late Mr. Beckford's collection. The other two pictures, in Trafalgar Square, belong to a later period. In the collection of the late Mr. S. Rogers, was a

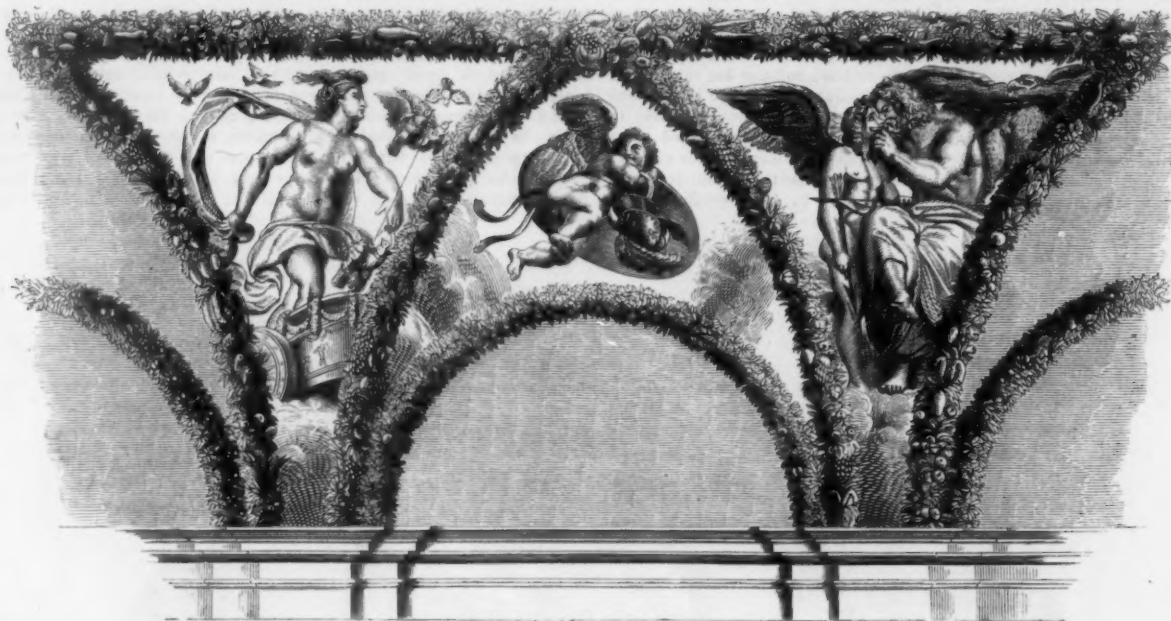


THE VIRGIN OF FOLIGNO.

'Christ on the Mount of Olives,' a small painting that once formed a portion of the *predella* to the large altar-piece, executed, in 1505, for the convent of St. Anthony Padua, at Perugia; unfortunately, it has been so much injured by cleaning and injudicious repairs, that very little, comparatively, of the original work is apparent; sufficient, however, remains to show it to be a very beautiful composition. Another portion of the same *predella* is in the possession of Mr. Miles, of Leigh Court, near Bristol; the subject is 'Christ bearing his Cross'; another, the 'Dead Christ lamented by the Women and his Disciples,' is in the collection of Mr. Whyte, of Barron Hill, Derbyshire; and two single figures, 'St. Francis,' and 'St. Anthony,' are in the Dulwich Gallery. The whole of these works show the influence of the Florentine school. Of the same period is a painting at Bowood, the mansion of the Marquis of Lansdowne; it constituted the middle portion of the *predella* of the altar-piece executed for the Church of the Serviti, at Perugia; it represents 'St. John preaching in the Wilderness,' and is "a most interesting specimen of Raffaele's transition from the Perugino to the Florentine style. Quite on the left of this picture, on a moderate eminence,

stands St. John preaching, with the cross on his right hand. A youth in the group next to him resting on his arm, and looking with fervent and enthu-

siastic devotion into the face of St. John, still shows in full force the manner of Perugino. In the other figures of this admirably composed



DECORATION IN THE FARNESINA PALACE.

group, ardent devotion is combined with a more free observation of nature. A youth in a green cap is evidently a portrait of Raffaele himself. In the two other groups, which are disposed with his usual refinement, there is a manifest tendency to introduce forms from every-day life—a manner then much in vogue at Florence. Hence the figures throughout look like portraits, with the rather strange costume and head-dresses of that age. Nay, a corpulent man in the third group, on whom the sermon does not seem to make any very deep impression, verges on the humorous, which Raffaele was otherwise not used to introduce in scriptural subjects. The episode of two very pretty children playing with each other, is also a result of the pleasure he took in attractive natural incidents. In the slender proportions, and in other respects, it has a close affinity to Raffaele's two drawings for the fresco-paintings in the library of the Cathedral of Sienna. The bright tone of the flesh approaches the Madonna del Granduca, in the Pitti Gallery, at Florence, "and in the broader folds of the drapery the study of Masaccio's frescoes is obvious. On the other hand, the dark, full colours of the drapery, the blackish-green trees of the landscape, which is otherwise beautiful, are quite in the manner of Perugino." We have transcribed Dr. Waagen's criticism on this painting, because it is, as he says, "a precious little picture," notwithstanding it has undergone the ordeal of cleaning: it is only a few inches in size. In the possession of the Duke of Marlborough, at Blenheim, is another portion of the same altar-piece, a large picture on panel, about nine feet high, and five feet wide, representing the 'Virgin enthroned, with the Infant Christ on her lap; John the Baptist, and St. Nicholas of Bari,' in pontificals: Kugler calls it a work "of surpassing beauty and dignity;" it is engraved in his "Handbook of Painting." Of a somewhat later date—about the end of the year 1506—is the picture entitled, 'The Madonna with the Fan-Palm,' at Bridgewater House, the Earl of Ellesmere's; it is generally consi-



THE PROPHET ISAIAH.

dered one of the most admirable of those executed at Florence: it is a

round picture, exhibiting the Virgin sitting under a palm-tree, and holding the Infant Christ on her lap; Joseph, kneeling, presents flowers to him. An engraving of it is given in Kugler's book: he remarks, that it is interesting to observe Raffaele's progress in the small pictures which he painted in Florence—half-figures of the Madonna with the child in her arms. In this instance, again, the earliest of the series are characterized by the deepest, tenderest feeling, while a freer and more cheerful enjoyment of life is apparent in the later ones. All these works belong to what is called Raffaele's second period.

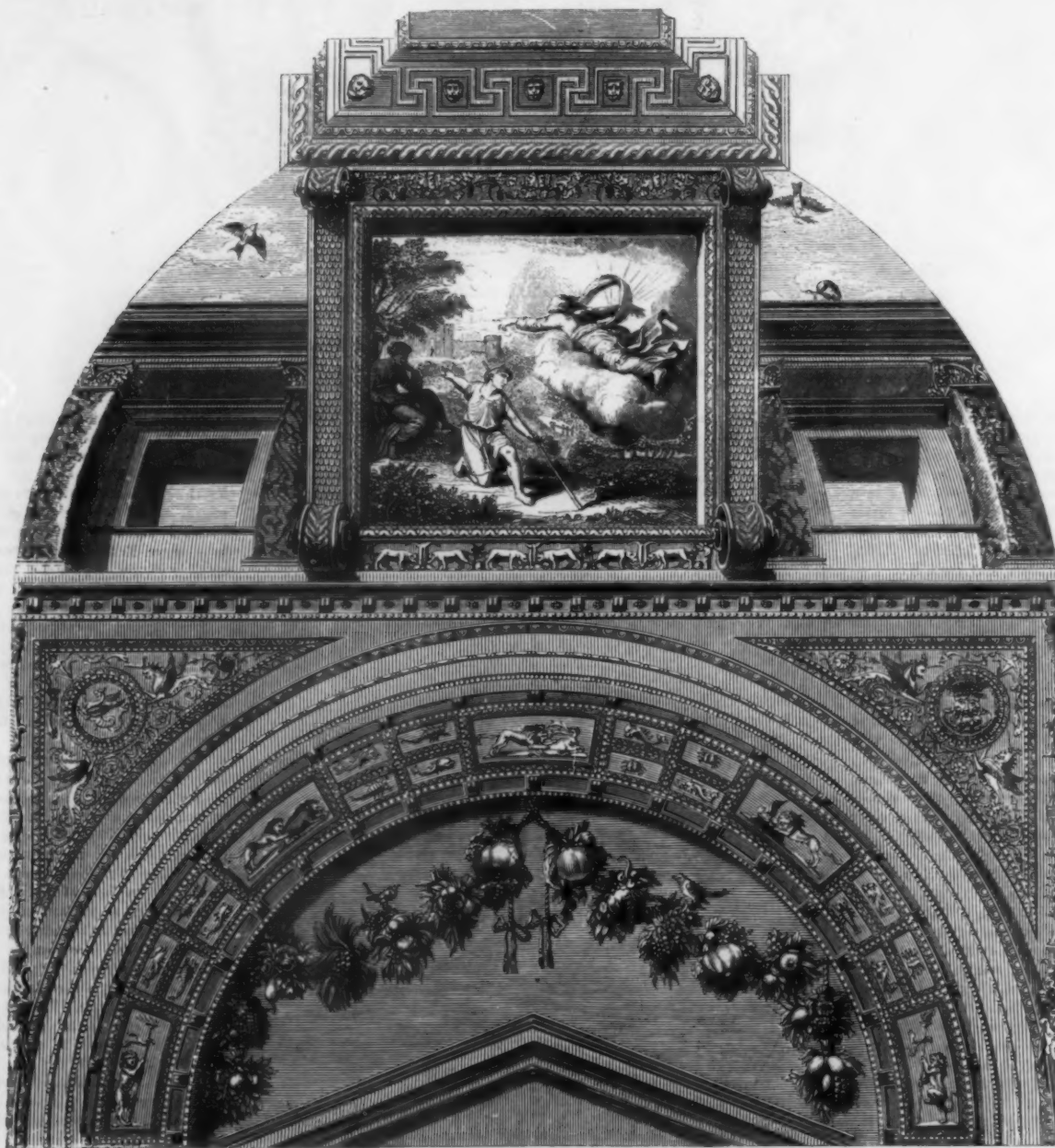
The third period commences with his residence in Rome, to which our notice more especially applies. Bramante, the architect of St. Peter's, was distantly related to Raffaele, and having recommended him to his patron, Julius II., as a painter whose genius reflected lustre on the Arts of Italy, the pope engaged him to execute a portion of the decorations in the state apartments of the Vatican: accordingly Raffaele went to Rome about the middle of the year 1508; he was then in the twenty-fifth year of his age. Most of the state apartments had already been decorated by the best artists of Rome, among whom were Della Francesca, Da Cortona, Bramantino, and Perugino. Julius received the young painter with every mark of kindness, and at once commissioned him to proceed with the paintings in the hall called *della Segnatura*. These works, with the exception of two allegorical figures in the Saloon of Constantine, are in fresco, and, with those in three other apartments, which we shall hereafter notice, are known by the name of the 'Stanze of Raffaele:' they occupied him during the whole of his residence in Rome, in fact, to his death, and were only completed by his scholars. He received in payment for each of the large wall pictures the sum of 1200 gold scudi.

The four great compositions in the saloon *della Segnatura*, have received the names respectively of the 'Dispute of the Sacrament,' the 'School of Athens,'

'Parnassus,' and 'Jurisprudence,' but the more appropriate titles of the first three, perhaps, are those which Kugler and most modern writers have given them,—'Theology,' 'Philosophy,' and 'Poetry:' the whole of these were completed in 1511. 'THEOLOGY' is one of the engraved illustrations here introduced. On the ceiling of the apartment are four round pictures, between which are four others of an oblong shape: in the former is represented an allegorical female figure throned on clouds, and symbolising the subject; at the side of each, the space is filled with genii, holding tablets with inscriptions referring to each personification. "Of the square side-pictures, that next to 'Theology' represents the 'Fall of Man,' a picture of simple and most harmonious composition, perhaps the most beautiful treatment of this subject; next to 'Poetry' is the 'Punishment of Mameas;' next to 'Philosophy,' a female figure examining a terrestrial globe; next to 'Jurisprudence,' the

'Judgment of Solomon.' All these eight pictures are on a golden ground like mosaic."

The picture of 'Theology' is divided, as will be seen by reference to the engraving, into two portions: the upper portion illustrates scripture history; the lower symbolises the history of the Christian, or, perhaps with more truth it may be said, of the Romish Church. In the upper half of the picture is a half-length figure, representing the Deity surrounded by the heavenly hosts; immediately beneath is Christ enthroned on clouds; at his right hand is the Virgin Mary bowing in adoration, and on his left, the "Forerunner," John the Baptist. Around this group, in a half-circle, are arranged patriarchs, apostles, and saints, of whom one only seems to be recognisable, Moses, who holds the Tables of the Law in his hands. These figures are finely expressed, and show very considerable dignity in their forms and atti-



DECORATION IN THE VATICAN—ISAAC COMMANDED TO DEPART INTO CANAAN.

tudes, though partaking in no small degree of what may be called the *Peruginian* manner. Below them, as if supporting the clouds, are numerous heads of angels, and in the centre of these four angel-boys hold the Gospels of the Evangelists, while between them is the Third Person in the Trinity, typified by the dove. In the centre of the lower half of the fresco, and raised on a flight of steps, is an altar, or sacramental table, on which stands the "Host," the mystical type of Christ's bodily presence on earth; on each side of the altar sit four distinguished fathers of the Latin Church, St. Gregory, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine; near them are grouped many of the most eminent theologians and divines; and, in the front, is a crowd of laymen, attentively listening to one who appears to be expounding the Scriptures, or explaining the tenets of the Romish Church. In some of these figures Raffaele has adopted a practice which painters both before his time and since

have occasionally employed. He has introduced portraits of individuals cotemporary with himself, and of others who in their own proper persons would appear to be out of place in such an assembly; thus, they who have closely examined and studied the picture have discovered, or assume to have discovered, in the group, Raffaele and his master Perugino, arrayed as bishops. The architect Bramante, is the figure, with a book in his hand, resting on a parapet, in the left corner of the composition; the head of Dante, crowned with a wreath of laurel, is seen among the group on the right side, in the foreground; near him are Duns Scotus, St. Thomas Aquinas, and Savonarola.

The large engraving that follows this notice, of "CHRIST BEARING HIS CROSS," is from the famous picture known as the *Spasimo de Sicilia*, in the Royal Gallery of Madrid: we shall refer to it more especially hereafter.

J. DAFORNE.





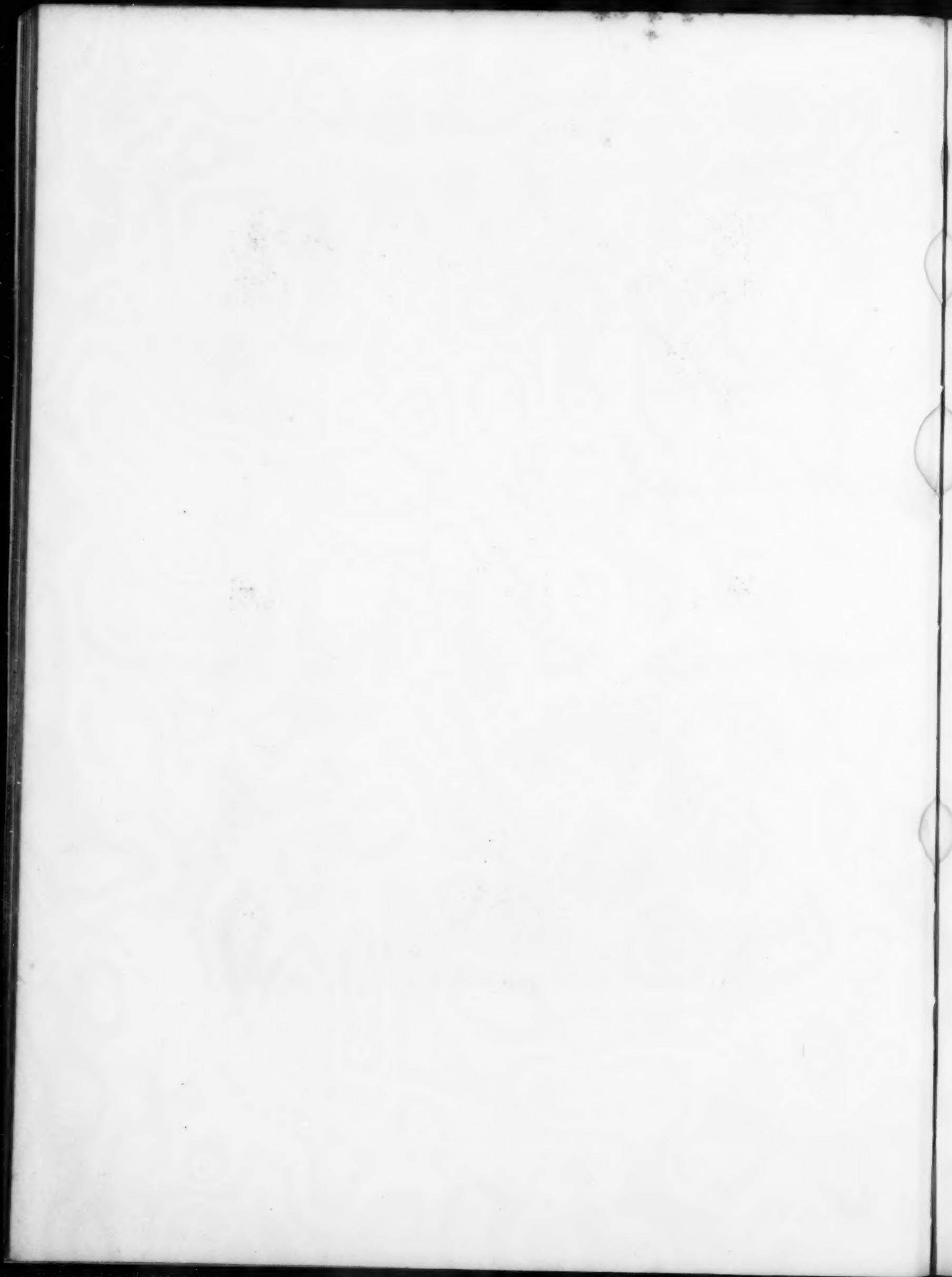


Raphael, pinx^t

W. Holl, sculp^t

BEARING THE CROSS.

LONDON JAMES S. VIRTUE.



THE HERMITS AND RECLUSES
OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

WE have already related, in a former paper,* that the ascetics who abandoned the stirring world of the Egypto-Greek cities, and resorted to the Theban desert to lead a life of self-mortification and contemplation, frequently associated themselves into communities, and thus gave rise to the Cenobitical orders of Christendom. But there were others who still preferred the solitary life; and they had their imitators in every age and country of the Christian world. We have not the same fulness of information respecting these solitaries that we have respecting the great orders of monks and friars; but the scattered notices which remain of them, when brought together, form a very curious chapter in the history of human nature, well worthy of being written out in full. The business of the present paper, however, is not to write the whole chapter, but only to select that page of it which relates to the English solitaries, and to aim especially at giving as distinct a picture as we can of the part which the Eremites and Recluses played on the picturesque stage of the England of the middle ages.

We have to remember, at the outset, that it was not all who bore the name of Eremite who lived a solitary life. We have already had occasion to mention† that Innocent IV., in the middle of the thirteenth century, found a number of small religious communities and solitaries, who were not in any of the recognised religious orders, and observed no authorised rule; and that he enrolled them all into a new order, with the rule of St. Augustine, under the name of Eremiti Augustini. The new order took root, and flourished, and gave rise to a considerable number of large communities, very similar, in every respect, to the communities of friars of the three orders previously existing. The members of these new communities did not affect seclusion, but went about among the people, as the Dominicans, and Franciscans, and Carmelites did. The popular tongue seems to have divided the formal title of the new order, and to have applied the name of *Augustine*, or, popularly, *Austin Friars*, to these new communities of friars; while it reserved the distinctive name of *Eremites*, or *Hermits*, for the religious, who, whether they lived absolutely alone, or in little aggregations of solitaries, still professed the old eremitical principle of seclusion from the world. These hermits may again be subdivided into Hermits proper, and Recluses. The difference between them was this: that the hermit, though he professed a general seclusion from the world, yet, in fact, held communication with his fellow men as freely as he pleased, and might go in and out of his hermitage as inclination prompted, or need required; the recluse was understood to maintain a more strict abstinence from unnecessary intercourse with others, and had entered into a formal obligation not to go outside the doors of his hermitage. In the imperfect notices which we have of them, it is often impossible to determine whether a particular individual was a hermit or a recluse; but we incline to the opinion that of the male solitaries few had taken the vows of reclusion; while the female solitaries appear to have been all recluses. So that, practically, the distinction almost amounts to this—that the male solitaries were hermits, and the females recluses.

Very much of what we have to say of the medieval solitaries, of their abodes, and of their domestic economy, applies both to those who had, and to those who had not, made the further vow of reclusion. We shall, therefore, treat first of those points which are common to them, and then devote a further paper to those things which are peculiar to the recluses.

The popular idea of a hermit is that of a man who was either a half-crazed enthusiast, or a misanthrope—a kind of Christinn Timon, who abandoned the abodes of men, and scooped out for himself a cave in the rocks, or built himself a rude hut in the forest; and lived there a half-savage life, clad in

sackcloth or skins, eating roots and wild fruits, and drinking of the neighbouring spring; visited occasionally by superstitious people, who looked and listened in fear at the mystic ravings, or wild denunciations, of the gaunt and haggard prophet. This ideal has probably been derived from the traditional histories, once so popular,‡ of the early hermit saints; and there may have been, perhaps, always an individual or two of whom this traditional picture was a more or less exaggerated representation. But the English hermit of the middle ages was a totally different type of man. He was a sober-minded and civilized person, who dressed in a robe very much like the robes of the other religious orders; lived in a comfortable little house of stone or timber; often had estates, or a pension, for his maintenance, besides what charitable people were pleased to leave him in their wills, or to offer in their lifetime; he lived on bread and meat, and beer and wine, and had a chaplain to say daily prayers for him, and a servant or two to wait upon him; his hermitage was not always up in the lonely hills, or deep-buried in the shady forests; very often it was by the great high roads, and sometimes in the heart of great towns and cities.

This summary description is so utterly opposed to all the popular notions, that we shall take pains to fortify our assertions with sufficient proofs; indeed, the whole subject is so little known that we shall illustrate it freely from all the sources at our command. And first, as it is one of our especial objects to furnish authorities for the pictorial representation of these old hermits, we shall inquire what kind of dress they did actually wear in place of the skins, or the sackcloth, with which the popular imagination has clothed them.

We should be inclined to assume *a priori* that the hermits would wear the habit prescribed by Papal authority for the Eremiti Augustini, which, according to Stevens, consisted of "a white garment, and a white scapular over it, when they are in the house; but in the choir, and when they go abroad, they put on, over all, a sort of cowl, and a large hood, both black, the hood round before, and hanging down to the waist in a point, being girt with a black leather thong." And in the rude woodcuts which adorn Caxton's "*Vitas Patrum*," or *Lives of the Hermits*, we do find some of the religious men in a habit which looks like a gown, with the arms coming through slits, and may be intended to represent a scapular, and with hoods and cowls of the fashion described; while others, in the same book, are in a loose gown, in shape more like that of a Benedictine. Again, in Albert Durer's *St. Christopher*, as engraved by Mrs. Jameson, in her "*Sacred and Legendary Art*," p. 445, the hermit is represented in a frock and scapular, with a cowl and hood. But in the majority of the representations of hermits which we meet with in medieval paintings and illuminated manuscripts, the costume consists of a frock, sometimes girded, sometimes not, and over it an ample gown, like a cloak, with a hood; and in the cases where the colour of the robe is indicated, it is almost always indicated by a light brown tint. It is not unlikely that there were varieties of costume among the hermits. Perhaps those who were attached to the monasteries of monks and friars, and who seem to have been usually admitted to the fraternity of the house,† may have worn the costume of the order to which they were attached; while priest-hermits serving chauntries may have worn the usual costume of a secular priest. Bishop Poore, who died 1237, in his "*Ancren Riewle*," speaks of the fashion of the dress to be worn, at least by female recluses, as indifferent. Bilney, speaking especially of the recluses in his day, just before the Reformation, says, "their apparell is indifferent, so it be dissonant from the laity." In the woodcuts, from various sources, which illustrate this paper, the reader will see for himself how the hermits are represented by the medieval artists, who had them constantly under their observation, and who at least tried their best to represent faithfully what they saw. The best and clearest illustration which we have been able to find of the usual costume in which the

hermits are represented, we here give to the reader. It is from the figure of St. Damasus, one of the group in the fine picture of 'St. Jerome,' by Cosimo



Rosselli (who lived from 1439 to 1506), now in the National Gallery. The hermit-saint wears a light brown frock, and scapular, with no girdle, and, over all, a cloak and hood of the same colour, and his naked feet are protected by wooden clogs.

A man could not take upon himself the character of a hermit at his own pleasure. It was a regular order of religion, into which a man could not enter without the consent of the bishop of the diocese, and into which he was admitted by a regular religious service. And just as bishops do not ordain men to holy orders until they have obtained a "title,"—a place in which to exercise their ministry,—so bishops did not admit men to the order of Hermits until they had obtained a hermitage in which to exercise their vocation.

The service for habiting and blessing a hermit* is preserved in a pontifical of Bishop Lacy of Exeter, of the fourteenth century.† It begins with several psalms; then several short prayers for the incepting hermit, mentioning him by name.‡ Then follow two prayers for the benediction of his vestments, apparently for different parts of his habit; the first mentioning "hec indumenta humilitatem cordis et mundi contemptum significancia,"—these garments signifying humility of heart, and contempt of the world; the second blesses "hanc vestem pro conservande castitatis signo,"—this vest the sign of chastity. The priest then delivers the vestments to the hermit kneeling before him, with these words, "Brother, behold we give to thee the eremitical habit (*habitu heremiticum*), with which we admonish thee to live henceforth chastely, soberly, and holily; in holy watchings, in fastings, in labours, in prayers, in works of mercy, that thou mayest have eternal life, and live for ever and ever." And he receives them, saying, "Behold, I receive them in the name of the Lord; and promise myself so to do according to my power, the grace of God, and of the saints, helping me." Then he puts off his secular habit, the priest saying to him, "The Lord put off from thee the old man with his deeds;" and while he puts on his hermit's habit, the priest says, "The Lord put on thee the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness." Then follow a collect, and certain psalms; and finally the priest sprinkles him with holy water, and blesses him.

Men of all ranks took upon them the hermit life, and we find the popular writers of the time sometimes distinguishing among them; one is a "hermit-priest,"§ another is a "gentle hermit," not in the

* "*Officium indendi et benedicendi heremitam*."

† We are indebted to Mr. M. H. Bloxam for a copy of it.

‡ "*Famulus tuus N.*" It is noticeable that the masculine gender is used all through, without any such note as we find in the Service for Inclosing (which we shall have to notice hereafter), that this service shall serve for both sexes.

§ The hermit who interposed between Sir Lionel and Sir Bors, and who was killed by Sir Lionel for his inter-

* *Art-Journal* for 1856, p. 285.

† "*Monks of the Middle Ages*," *Art-Journal*, 1856, p. 315.

* "*The wonderful and godly History of the holy Fathers Hermits*," is among Caxton's earliest printed books.

† For the custom of admitting to the fraternity of a religious house, see paper on the "*Monks of the Middle Ages*," *Art-Journal* for 1856, p. 343.

sense of the "gentle hermit of the dale," but meaning that he was a man of gentle birth. The hermit in whose hermitage Sir Launcelot passed long time is described as a "gentle hermit, which sometime was a noble knight and a great lord of possessions, and for great goodness he hath taken him unto wilful poverty, and hath forsaken his possessions, and his name is Sir Baldwin of Britain, and he is a full noble surgeon, and a right good leech." This was the type of hermit who was venerated by the popular superstition of the day: a great and rich man who had taken to wilful poverty, or a man who lived wild in the woods—a St. Julian, or a St. Anthony; a poor man who turned hermit, and lived a prosaic, pious, useful life, showing travellers the way through a forest, or over a bog, or across a ferry, and humbly taking their alms in return, presented nothing dramatic and striking to the popular

mind; very likely, too, many men adopted the hermit life, for the sake of the idleness and the alms, and deserved the small repute they had.

It is *appropos* of Sir Launcelot's hermit above-mentioned that the romancer complains; "for in those days it was not with the guise of hermits as it now is in these days. For there were no hermits in those days, but that they have been men of worship and prowess, and those hermits held great households, and refreshed people that were in distress." We find the author of "Piers Ploughman" making the same complaint.*

This curious extract from "Piers Ploughman" leads us to notice the localities in which hermitages were situated. Sometimes, no doubt, they were in lonely and retired places among the hills, or hidden in the depths of the forests, which then covered so large a portion of the land. Here is a very interesting



little picture of hermit life, from a MS. Book of Hours, executed for Richard II. (British Museum, Domitian, A. xvii., folio 4 v.) The artist probably intended to represent the old hermits of the Egyptian desert, Piers Ploughman's—

"Holy eremites,
That lived wild in woods
With bears and lions;

but, after the fashion of mediæval art, he has introduced the scenery, costume, and architecture of his own time. Erase the bears, which stand for the whole tribe of outlandish beasts, and we have a very pretty bit of English mountain scenery; the stag is characteristic enough of a wild scene in mediæval England. The hermitage on the right seems to be of the ruder sort, made in part of wattle work. On the left we have the more usual hermitage of stone, with its little chapel bell in a bell-cot on the gable. The venerable old hermit, coming out of the doorway, is a charming illustration of the typical hermit with his venerable beard, and his form bowed by age, leaning with one hand on his cross-staff, and carrying his rosary in the other. The hermit in the illustration hereafter given from the "History of Launcelot" (Add. MS. 10293, folio 56), leans on a similar staff; it would seem as if such a staff was a usual part of the hermit's equipment.* The hermit in Albert Durer's "St. Christopher," already mentioned, also leans on a staff, but of rather different shape. Here is a companion picture, in pen and ink, from the "Morte Arthur":—"Then he departed from the cross [a stone cross which parted two ways in waste land, under which he had been sleeping], on foot, into a wild forest. And so by prime he came unto an high mountain, and there he found an hermitage, and an hermit therein, which was going to mass. And then Sir Launcelot kneeled down upon both

his knees, and cried out, 'Lord, mercy!' for his wicked works that he had done. So when mass was done, Sir Launcelot called the hermit to him, and prayed him for charity to hear his confession. 'With a good will,' said the good man."

But many of the hermitages were erected along the great highways of the country, and especially at bridges and fords,† apparently with the express view of their being serviceable to travellers. One of the hermit-saints set up as a pattern for their

* [We have a little modernized his language]:—

But eremites that inhabit them
By the highways,
And in boroughs among brewers,
And beg in churches,
All that holy eremites
Hated and despised,
(As riches, and reverences,
And rich men's alms),
These lollers (a), latche drawers (b),
Lewd eremites,
Covet on the contrary.
Nor live holy as eremites,
That lived wild in woods,
With bears and lions.
Some had livelihood from their lineage (c),
And of no life else;
And some lived by their learning,
And the labour of their hands.
Some had foreigners for friends,
That their food sent;
And birds brought to some bread,
Whereby they lived.
All these holy eremites
Were of high kin,
Forsook land and lordship,
And likings of the body.
But these eremites that edify
By the highways
Whilome were workmen—
Webbers, and tailors,
And carter's knaves,
And clerks without grace.
They held a hungry house,
And had much want,
Long labour, and light winnings.
And at last espied
That lazy fellows in friar's clothing
Had fat cheeks.
Forthwith left they their labour,
These lewd knaves,
And clothed them in copes
As they were clerks,
Or one of some order (of monks or friars),
Or else prophets (Eremites).

(a) Wanderers. (b) Breakers out of their cells.
(c) Kindred.

† Blomfield, in his "History of Norfolk," 1832, says—"It is to be observed that hermitages were erected, for the most part, near great bridges (see *Mag. Brit.*, On Warwickshire, p. 597, Dugdale, &c., and Badwell's "Description of Tottenham") and high roads, as appears from this, and those at Brandon, Downham, Stow Bardolph, in Norfolk, and Erith, in the Isle of Ely, &c."

imitation was St. Julian, who, with his wife, devoted his property and life to showing hospitality to travellers; and the hermit who is always associated in the legends and pictures with St. Christopher, is represented as holding out his torch or lantern to light the giant ferryman, as he transports his passengers across the dangerous ford by which the hermitage was built. When hostelry, where the traveller could command entertainment for hire, were to be found only in the great towns, the religious houses were the chief resting-places of the traveller; not only the conventual establishments, but the country clergy also were expected to be given to hospitality.* But both monasteries and country parsonages often lay at a distance of miles of miry and intricate by-road, off the highway. We must picture this state of the country and of society to ourselves, before we can appreciate the intentions of those who founded these hospitable establishments; we must try to imagine ourselves travellers, getting belated in a dreary part of the road, where it ran over a bleak wold, or dived through a dark forest, or approached an unknown ford, before we can appreciate the gratitude of those who suddenly caught the light from the hermit's window, or heard the faint tinkle of his chapel bell calling to vespers.

Such incidents occur frequently in the romances. Here is an example:—"Sir Launcelot rode all that day and all that night in a forest; and at the last, he was ware of an hermitage and a chapel that stood between two cliffs; and then he heard a little bell ring to mass, and thither he rode, and alighted, and tied his horse to the gate, and heard mass." Again: "Sir Gawayne rode till he came to an hermitage, and there he found the good man saying his even song of our Lady. And there Sir Gawayne asked harbour for charity, and the good man granted it him gladly."

We shall, perhaps, most outrage the popular idea of a hermit, when we assert that hermits sometimes lived in towns. The extract from "Piers Ploughman's Vision," already quoted, tells us of

"Eremites that inhabit them
In boroughs among brewers."

The difficulty of distinguishing between hermits proper and recluses, becomes very perplexing in this part of our subject. There is abundant proof, which we shall have occasion to give later, that recluses, both male and female, usually lived in towns, and these recluses are sometimes called hermits, as well as by their more usual and peculiar name of anchorites and anchoresses. But we are inclined to the opinion, that not all the male solitaries who lived in towns were recluses. The author of "Piers Ploughman's Vision" speaks of the eremites who inhabited in boroughs, as if they were of the same class as those who lived by the highways, and who ought to have lived in the wildernesses, like St. Anthony. The theory under which it was made possible for a solitary, an eremite—a man of the desert—to live in a town, was, that a churchyard formed a solitary place—a desert—within the town. The curious history which we are going to relate, seems to refer to hermits, not to recluses. The Mayor of Sudbury, under date January 28, 1433, petitioned the Bishop of Norwich, setting forth that the bishop had refused to admit "Richard Appleby, of Sudbury, conversant with John Levynton, of the same town, heremite, to the order of Hermits, unless he was sure to be inhabited in a solitary place, where virtues might be increased, and vice exiled;" and that therefore "we have granted hym, be the assent of all the sayd parish and chereh reves, to be inhabited with the sayd John Levynton in his solitary place and hermytage, which y^e is made at the cost of the parysh, in the cherchyard of St. Gregory Cherche, to dwellen togedyr as (long as) yey liven, or whiche of them longest liveth;" and thereupon the mayor prays the bishop to admit Richard Appleby to the order.

This curious incident of two solitaries living together, has a parallel in the romance of "King Arthur." When the bold Sir Bedivere had lost his lord King Arthur, he rode away, and, after some adventures, came to a chapel and an hermitage be-

* In the settlement of the vicarage of Kelvedon, Essex, when the rectory was appropriated to the abbot and convent of Westminster, in the fourteenth century, it was expressly ordered that the convent, besides providing the vicar a suitable house, should also provide a hall for receiving guests.

ference (Malory's "Princes Arthur," m., lxxix.), is called a "hermit-priest." So, in the Episcopal Registry of Lichfield, we find the bishop, date 16th February, 1469, giving to Brother Richard Goldeston, late Canon of Womburgge, now recluse at Prior's Lee, near Shiffenall, licence to hear confessions.

* In "Piers Ploughman" we read that—

"Hermits with hoked staves
Wander to Walsingham;"

but the hooked staves may perhaps have been pilgrim staves, not hermit staves. The pastoral staff on the official seal of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, was of the same shape as the staves above represented. A staff of similar shape occurs on an early grave-stone at Welbeck Priory, engraved in Cuff's "Manual of Sepulchral Slabs and Crosses," plate xxxv.

tween two hills, "and he prayed the hermit that he might abide there still with him, to live with fasting and prayers. So Sir Bedivere abode there still with the hermit; and there Sir Bedivere put upon him poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly in fasting and in prayers." And afterwards (as we

have already related) Sir Launcelot "rode all that day and all that night in a forest. And at the last he was ware of an hermitage and a chapel that stood between two cliffs, and then he heard a little bell ring to mass; and thither he rode, and alighted, and tied his horse to the gate, and heard mass."



And when Sir Bedivere had made himself known, and had "told him his tale all whole," "Sir Launcelot's heart almost burst for sorrow, and Sir Launcelot threw abroad his armour, and said,— 'Alas! who may trust this world?' And then he kneeled down on his knees, and prayed the hermit for to shrieve him and assail him. And then he besought the hermit that he might be his brother. And he put an habit upon Sir Launcelot, and there he served God day and night with prayers and fastings." And afterwards Sir Bors came in the same way. And within half a year there was come Sir Galahad, Sir Galioudin, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Villiers, Sir Clarus, and Sir Gahalatine. "So these seven noble knights abode there still; and when they saw that Sir Launcelot had taken him unto such perfection, they had no list to depart, but took such an habit as he had. Thus they endured in great penance six years, and then Sir Launcelot took the habit of priesthood, and twelve months he sung the mass; and there was none of these other knights but that they read in books, and helped for to sing mass, and ring bells, and did lowly all manner of service. And so their horses went where they would, for they took no regard in worldly riches." And after a little time Sir Launcelot died at the hermitage: "then was there weeping and wringing of hands, and the greatest dole they made that ever made man. And on the morrow the bishop-hermit sung his mass of requiem." The accompanying woodcut, from one of the small compartments at the bottom of Cosimo Rosselli's picture of St. Jerome, from which we have already taken

the priest's cope and amys are coloured red, while those of the hermits are tinted with light brown.

If the reader has wondered how the one hermitage could accommodate these seven additional habitants, the romancer does not forget to satisfy his curiosity; a few pages after we read—"So at the season of the night they went all to their beds, for they all lay in one chamber." It was not very unusual for hermitages to be built for more than one occupant; but probably, in all such cases, each hermit had his own cell, adjoining their common chapel. This was the original arrangement of the hermits of the Thebais in their Laura. The great difference between a hermitage, with more than one hermit, and a small cell of one of the other religious orders, was that, in such a cell one monk or friar would have been the prior, and the others subject to him; but each hermit was independent of any authority on the part of the other; he was subject only to the obligation of his rule, and the visitation of his bishop.

There are indications that these hermitages were sometimes mere bothies of branches; there is a representation of one, from which we here give a woodcut, in an illuminated MS. romance of Sir Launcelot, of early fourteenth century date (British Museum, Add. 10293, folio 118 v., date 1316): we have already noticed another of wattle work. There are also caves here and there in the country which are said by tradition to have been hermitages: one is described in the *Archæological Journal*, vol. iv., p. 150. It is a small cave, not easy of access, in the side of a hill called Carcliff Tor, near Rowsley, a little miserable village not far from Haddon Hall. In a recess, on the right side as you enter the cave, is a crucifix, about four feet high, sculptured in bold relief in the red grit rock out of which the cave is hollowed; and close to it, on the right, is a rude niche, perhaps to hold a lamp. But nearly all the hermitages which we read of in the romances, or see depicted in the illuminations and paintings, or find noticed in ancient historical documents, are substantial buildings of stone or timber. Here is one from folio 56 of the "History of Launcelot" (Add. 10293): the hermit stands at the door of his house, giving his parting benediction to Sir Launcelot, who, with his attendant physician, is taking his leave after a night's sojourn at the hermitage. In the paintings of the Campo Santo, at Pisa (engraved in Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art"), which represent the hermits of the Egyptian desert, some of the hermitages are caves, some are little houses of stone. In Caxton's "Vitas Patrum" the hermitages are little houses; one has a stepped gable; another is like a gateway, with a room over it. They were founded and built,

and often endowed, by the same men who founded chantries, and built churches, and endowed monasteries; and from the same motives of piety, charity, or superstition. And the founders seem often to have retained the patronage of the hermitages, as of valuable benefices, in their own hands. A hermitage was, in fact, a miniature monastery, inhabited by one religious, who was abbot, and prior, and convent, all in one; sometimes also by a chaplain,* where the hermit was not a priest, and by several lay brethren, i. e. servants. It had a chapel of its own, in which divine service was performed daily. It had also the apartments necessary for the accommodation of the hermit, and his chaplain—when one lived in the hermitage—and his servants, and the necessary accommodation for travellers besides; and it had often, perhaps generally, its court-yard and garden.

The chapel of the hermitage seems not to have been appropriated solely to the performance of divine offices, but to have been made useful for other more secular purposes also. Indeed, the churches and chapels in the middle ages seem often to have been used for other great occasions of a semi-religious character, when a large apartment was requisite, for holding councils, for judicial proceedings, and the like. Godric of Finchale, a hermit who lived about the time of Henry II.,† had two chapels adjoining his cell; one he called by the name of St. John Baptist, the other after the Blessed Virgin. He had a kind of common room, "communis domus," in which he cooked his food and saw visitors; but he lived chiefly, day and night, in the chapel of St. John, removing his bed to the chapel of St. Mary at times of more solemn devotion.



In an illumination on folio 153 of the "History of Launcelot," already quoted (British Mus., Add. 10293), is a picture of King Arthur taking counsel with a hermit in his hermitage. The building in which they are seated has a nave and aisles, a rose-window in its gable, and a bell-turret, and seems intended to represent the chapel of the hermitage. Again, at folio 107 of the same MS. is a picture of a hermit talking to a man in red, with the title,— "Ensi y come une hermites prole en une chapele de son hermitage,"—how a hermit conversed in the chapel of his hermitage. It may, perhaps, have been in the chapel that the hermit received those who sought his counsel on spiritual or on secular affairs.

In our next paper it is proposed to give some account of another class of English solitaries, the Recluses. At a time when Art is searching the history of the past as allied with her in all its various ramifications, and literature is enlightening us upon the manners and customs of our forefathers, the subjects here sketched cannot be uninteresting.

* In June 5, 1356, Edward III. granted to brother Regnier, hermit of the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalen, without Salop, a certain plot of waste called Sheldrosse, contiguous to the chapel, containing one acre, to hold the same to him and his successors, hermits there, for their habitation, and to find a chaplain to pray in the chapel for the king's soul, &c. (Owen and Blakeway's "History of Shrewsbury," vol. ii., p. 165). "Perhaps," says our authors, "this was the eremitical habitation in the wood of Suttona (Sutton being a village just without Salop), which is recorded elsewhere to have been given by Richard, the Dapifer of Chester, to the monk of Salop."

† Vita S. Godrici, published by the Surtees Society.



the figure of St. Damasus, may serve to illustrate this incident; it represents a number of hermits mourning over one of their brethren, while a priest, in the robes proper to his office, stands at the head of the bier and says prayers, and his deacon stands at the foot, holding a processional cross. The contrast between the robes of the priest and those of the hermits is lost in the woodcut; in the original

TABLETS FOR STREET-CORNERS.

UGLINESS has almost become an integral part of modern utilitarianism; it certainly belongs to it more exclusively than the generality of persons may be inclined to think. Domestic architecture of the ordinary kind—country cottages and town streets—were never so totally devoid of picturesque features at any period as when they were built at the commencement of the present century. Many of our quaint country towns furnish admirable examples of richly-carved old houses, which Art-students know how to value; and the old lath-and-plaster cottages, with their thatched roofs, are worth streets-full of modern cubical erections, with a door in the middle and a window on each side, so offensive to the eye in towns or villages. Norwich, Ipswich, Chester, Gloucester, Canterbury, still preserve much of the picturesque beauty of their old streets; London has some isolated examples of its olden houses; but



they are rapidly disappearing, and that of Sir Paul Pinder, in Bishopsgate Street, may be treasured as the last really artistic specimen of them. We do not, however, wish to ignore the fact of the revival of a better taste: in the very heart of the City, buildings sacred to trade have been lately erected, which are admirable in design and execution; and if this



landable spirit be continued, London may lose its unenviable character as the ugliest great city in Europe.

There is one minor detail of street architecture which has, curiously enough, been overlooked; and to which we would now call attention; and that is, the tablet at street-corners, upon which the names are painted. All that we see now is a flat square of white paint, upon which the name is inscribed in common black letters. As many of the parishes are now repainting them, and adding the letters of the postal district; and as many corner houses are being rebuilt, might we not obtain a retrospective movement, which would really look like a step in advance, and go back to the old plan of an ornamental framework for these names? A century ago such tablets were common, exhibiting much fancy and variety; and some few exist still. To make the matter more clear, four examples have been selected in illustration of this page: they will abundantly display the mode in which the older

designers adapted their ideas to the exigencies of their subject; and they will suggest the variety of design that may be devoted to it.

The earliest of our illustrations in point of date is the oval tablet from Duke Street, Westminster, which is of the time of Charles II., when the street was built, and named after his brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James II. The tablet is of quaint design, and appropriately surmounted by the ducal coronet. The scroll-work of the seventeenth century



is peculiarly applicable to this kind of design, which might be varied *ad infinitum*. Following in chronological order is the tablet from Danvers Street, Chelsea—a striking and appropriate work, which no longer exists, the house to which it was affixed having been long pulled down. It was placed in a brick recess, which gave relief and value to that portion of the design where stone was used. Our third example is from Queen Square, Westminster, which was built in the early part of the reign of Queen Anne, and named in compliment to her; a mutilated statue of her majesty still occupying a pedestal against the blank wall of one of the houses. The square is described by Hatton, in 1708, as “a beautiful new square of very fine buildings;” the houses are all remarkable for the beauty of their doors, with richly carved wooden canopies over them. This tablet is ingeniously adapted to the sides of a corner house, and one face of it originally



had a dial, now nearly obliterated. Our fourth specimen is comparatively modern, having been designed toward the close of last century, when the row of houses at Stangate, Lambeth, was erected; and its contiguity to Astley's Amphitheatre commemorated, by name, as well as by the figure of the horse which played so conspicuous a part there. The design is ingenious, and will show how much variety might be thrown into street-tablets.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE LADY CONSTANCE.

F. Winterhalter, Painter. T. Vernon, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 8½ in. by 1 ft. 4½ in.

NUMEROUS as are the portrait-painters of the present day, and excellent as many of them are, there is not one who has supplied the place left vacant by the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, especially in female portraiture. In this branch of art Lawrence proved himself the worthy successor of Reynolds, and the two may challenge comparison with the painters of any modern school, and in some characteristics of excellence, with any ancient masters. Writing in general terms of Lawrence's portraits, the late Mr. Howard, R.A., says: “In their intellectual treatment he has produced a surprising variety of happy and original combinations, and has generally conveyed, with the feeling and invention of a poet, the best representation of his subjects; seizing the most interesting expression of countenance which belonged to each: in this respect he has shown, perhaps, a greater dramatic power than either of his illustrious rivals, Reynolds and Titian; and certainly, in painting *beauty* he yields to none.”

How much of the excellence to which our countrymen attained may be attributed to the subjects of their works, is a question that some have taken upon themselves to decide affirmatively, and to consider as admitting of no dispute. It is quite true that the rank, fashion, and beauty of the land flocked to their studios; it is equally true, that in those qualities which are so closely allied with real beauty, and constitute its highest charm—grace and elegance of form and feature, sweetness of expression, and delicacy of tint, the female aristocracy and gentry of England outrival those of any continental country; still, the finest models, so to speak, placed before an artist avail little, if he knows not how to use them to the best advantage: the genius of the painter is always more apparent in his application of the materials at his command than in the subject he undertakes to delineate: an unskilful artist will *imitate*, and do nothing more; a man of taste and genius will impart to his copy not only imitative truth, but also qualities which will dignify, and add grace to, his work.

Reynolds in the court of George III., nor Lawrence in that of George IV., so far as we know of the pictures painted by these artists, never found a sweeter or more winning model sitting before him, than Winterhalter had in the Lady Constance Gertrude, now Countess of Grosvenor, one of the beauties of the court of Queen Victoria. This lady is the youngest daughter of the present Duke of Sutherland; she was born in 1834, and married, in 1852, the Earl Grosvenor, eldest son of the Marquis of Westminster, an alliance that united in relationship two of the wealthiest families in the kingdom. The portrait, taken before marriage, is exquisitely painted, and treated in a simple, unaffected style: it is that of a young English lady, a term so significant as to require no definition or explanation; she is attired in a dress of plain white satin, and wears in her hair a wreath of blush roses: the face is strongly expressive of sweetness of disposition, it is quiet, yet animated, and full of intelligence. The artist has done justice to his subject, but not more than justice; it would have been a libel on the lady to have presented her in a less lovely form than he has.

The talent of Winterhalter is unquestionably seen to greater advantage in single figures such as this, than in portrait groups; his compositions, where two or more figures are introduced, are not, generally, well arranged, and his full-length figures are sometimes stiff and ungraceful. Two or three portraits of the young princesses, painted by him, are very elegant productions, and quite justify his pretensions to royal patronage; yet even in this class of works there are English artists quite his equals, while in portraiture of men and women, especially of the former, he is surpassed by many painters of our own school. It is not meant by these remarks to undervalue the genius of this artist, but only to show in what peculiar direction it lies; he is fortunate in securing the approbation of the Queen of England and her royal Consort as, *par excellence*, the court portrait-painter.

This picture is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.







F. WINTERHALTER, PINX.

T. VERNON, SCULPT.

THE LADY CONSTANCE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY WAX-WORK.

ABOUT a quarter of a century ago, there ceased in London a popular exhibition, which, originating in the observances of the middle ages, accommodated itself to the changing tastes of sight-seers, and only ended because rivals of a better kind had occupied the field. The "sight" at last, very properly, was thought to be unfitted for a sacred building; but it had naturally, as we hope to show, originated there. Wax-work, always popular, was "the sight;" Westminster Abbey the exhibition place. Its great popularity is curiously attested by an anecdote related in Pope's "Life of Seth Ward," of a sermon preached by Dr. Barrow on a holiday, when a crowd, as usual, had assembled to attend the vergers to the wax-work; and which sermon, exceeding its supposed legitimate length, was unceremoniously stopped by these officials, who "became impatient, and caused the organ to be struck up against him, and would not give over playing till they had blown him down." It was the oldest exhibition of wax-work in England, and the work just quoted assures us, that, in 1697 (when it was published), the lower classes on holidays would flock thither from all parts of the town, "and pay their two-pence to see 'the Play of the Dead Volks,' as I have heard a Devonshire clown most improperly call it." They were scattered in different chapels of the abbey church. Hatton, in his "New View of London," 1708, only notes, that in Henry VII.'s Chapel "are the effigies, in wainscot cases, of King Charles II., and the Duchess of Richmond, and General Monk." Doddsley, in his "London and its Environs," 1761, speaks more fully of the figures, when describing the south aisle of this chapel: he says, "at the east end of this aisle is the royal vault of King Charles II., King William III., Queen Mary his consort, Queen Anne, and Prince George. Over these royal personages are their effigies (except that of Prince George) in wainscot presses; they are of wax-work, resembling life, and dressed in their coronation robes. Another wainscot press is placed at the corner of the great east window, in which is the effigy of the Lady Mary, Duchess of Richmond, daughter to James, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, dressed in the very robes her grace wore at the coronation of Queen Anne. On leaving the aisle, you will be shown, in another wainscot press, the effigy of General Monk, who had a great share in the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of England, and was interred in a vault appropriated to him and his family. He is represented in armour, and his ducal cap is generally made use of by those who show this chapel, to receive the bounty of those who visit it, those persons having no share of the money paid for seeing it." This practice continued till the exhibition was closed in 1839.

These figures may be traced to the old custom of placing an effigy, modelled and dressed, upon the bier of the deceased, in the funeral procession. The custom is a very ancient one. When the Roman emperors were consecrated, it was, according to Herodian, the custom to place on a royal couch a waxen likeness of the deceased. The Saxons buried their dead in full dress, with all their cherished personal adornments. In the middle ages the deceased was interred similarly: Charlemagne was found by the Emperor Otho, in 997, when he opened his funeral vault in the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, seated in the throne, still preserved there, arrayed in imperial robes, and wearing the crown, sceptre, and sword, which have since been used in the coronation ceremonies of the emperors of Germany, and are now among the most valued treasures of the imperial jewel office at Vienna. The tombs of our early kings have, when opened, been found to contain their mouldering skeletons, clothed precisely as the effigies placed above them delineate; and the same with ecclesiastics, who were buried in full pontificals. The stone or brass effigy, and the altar-tomb on which it is placed, may therefore be accepted as a permanent representation of the temporary hearse and funeral effigy used to solemnize the burial service. These effigies, after the ceremony was over, were preserved in the abbey; and in Newbery's description of it, published 1754, he notes that, over Islip's Chapel "is a chantry, in which are two wainscot presses full of the effigies of princes and

others of high quality. Those that are laid up are in a sad mangled condition: some stripped, and others in tattered robes, but all maimed or broken." They were irreverently termed "the ragged regiment," and ceased to be shown long before the more perfect wax-work was discontinued as "a sight." Cunningham says, "some of these effigies were executed at great cost, and with considerable skill. The effigy of La Belle Stuart, one of the last that was set up, was the work of a Mrs. Goldsmith. This kind of exhibition was found so profitable to the Dean and Chapter, that they manufactured effigies to add to the popularity of their series." This is not quite correct; the abbey authorities had little to do therewith. The last effigy was of so recent a person as Lord Nelson, and is still in the abbey.

At the beginning of the present century, the tombs in the abbey were leased like a farm, and after that period the fees were given to the minor canons, the gentlemen of the choir, and other officers of the church. In 1833, the Dean and Chapter, in order to enable them to reduce the fees to the surplice for seeing the abbey,—which were then 2s. 6d. for each person,—commuted with the parties having an interest in the fees, for £1400 a year. A few years afterwards the present system was established, of throwing the abbey open to the public, without any payment, excepting a small fee for seeing the chapels. There are at present eight tomb-showers, who receive a salary of one guinea per week each, and the high constable of Westminster is paid £100 a-year for his supervision of the establishment, during the hours of public admission.

When the wax-work was abolished as "a sight," the cases were all removed from different parts of the edifice, and packed closely in the small chantry over Islip's Chapel, where the old wainscot presses mentioned above used to stand. These two presses are now condensed in one, and contain the debris of the ancient effigies. Around the small room remain, in solitary oblivion, the other figures, each in its own glass case, of which we here give a list:—

Queen Elizabeth.
King Charles II.
The Duke of Buckingham.
The Duchess of Buckingham, and her Son.
King William III., and Queen Mary.
Queen Anne.
The Duchess of Richmond.
The Earl of Chatham.
Lord Nelson.

This list does not include some that we have previously mentioned as noted by earlier writers; they are gone. Newbery, in 1754, speaks of the damaged condition of many: "those of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. are entirely stripped, as are all the rest, of anything of value." Elizabeth was, however, too popular a favourite to be deposited, and she appears to have been renovated soon after this time, with a lavish display of false jewellery, and ropes of fallacious pearls; she has been adapted to the popular ideas of the early days of George III., and is fully in accordance with what she was supposed to be, if not what she really was. The only genuine dresses of the figures given in our list seem to be those of the Duchesses of Buckingham and Richmond; and they preserve the marked and distinctive character of the costume of the days of King William III. and Queen Anne. They wear the high head-dress of lace; the long-waisted, open gown, looped up with jewels to display the rich petticoat; the sleeve, with its deep elbow cuffs, its laces and ribbons; and are unique in the curious details of forgotten modes. The son of the Duchess of Buckingham is an interesting figure, as he is habited in the dress of a boy of ten or twelve years of age, with a cap of curious form upon his head. We have already quoted an authority sufficiently near her era for the fact that the Duchess of Richmond's figure is habited in the robes she wore at the coronation of Queen Anne; in the case is preserved a stuffed parrot, which was said to have died of grief a few days after the duchess, whose pet it had been. Chatham is in the ordinary robes of a peer; Nelson in full naval uniform: he was evidently added as an attraction; for he was buried at St. Paul's, and, therefore, his effigy had no legitimate right to be among the others in Westminster Abbey.

Few persons would imagine the present existence

of such figures within the abbey walls. But there is much of a remarkable kind hidden there, in lonely corners, of which the world outside knows nothing. There are few things more striking than this little chapel, and its company of figures,—once sufficient to attract half London,—now mouldering in silent neglect. A "dead" exhibition may "point a moral" of its own. We will not here "consider too curiously of these things;" we simply record their existence, and the value of some few of them as authorities in costume; and we do this the more willingly, as our annals of London take little note of their past history, and no note whatever of their present condition.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The assembly of Academicians for the distribution of prizes to the successful competitors for the *Prix de Rome* passed off this year with great éclat; the address was delivered by M. Lefuel, who mingled praise and criticism in fair proportion.—The exhibition of statues for the judgment of the Government is continued in the alcove of the Louvre; few of them are remarkable for merit. They consist principally of female figures. Those accepted are for the decoration of the Louvre, in which building are spaces for a large number.—It was reported some months since that M. Biard, the distinguished painter, had been killed by a leopard in the Brazilian forests; we are happy to say the report is untrue. He has been living with the Indians in the forests, and will, no doubt, soon bring back an immense number of sketches from those picturesque regions.—The Boulevard of Sebastopol is progressing; a large portion of the *Rue de la Harpe* has been pulled down, and this ancient part of Paris is now a small plain of desolation. A monumental fountain is being finished facing the *Pont St. Michel*. The whole of the *Rue de la Barillerie* is also levelled; the buildings from the *Place St. Michel* to the Observatory will be the next demolished. This portion presents great difficulties, being much elevated.—M. Yvon seems destined to be the successor of Horace Vernet; he has received commissions for pictures of the battles of Magenta and Solferino, and also of the interview of the two emperors at Villafranca: these paintings are for Versailles.—The memory of Lord Seymour, whose death will be lamented by all artists, of whom he was a liberal protector, and who made so good use of the fortune he left, has been attacked in a most disgraceful way by the principal writer in the *Univers*, who has raked up all the idle and unfounded statements he possibly could find, because his lordship was a Protestant.—Five Art-students have been named this year by the Minister of Public Instruction for the Academy at Athens.—The recent fire at the Luxembourg destroyed several specimens of Art. M. Abel de Poujol has been particularly unfortunate with his works; at the Louvre his ceiling was destroyed by the necessity of the alterations; his performances at the Church of St. Roch met the same fate; and now those at the Luxembourg perished in the conflagration.—The 'Vision of Joan of Arc,' by the deceased painter Benouville, has been purchased by Government.

BERLIN.—The Prussian Government is about to issue directions for the execution and erection of monuments in memory of Frederick William III., the minister Von Stein, and the chancellor Von Hardenberg, distinguished members of the late monarch's government.

AMSTERDAM is following the example of England, in erecting a Crystal Palace, which is expected to be completed in 1861. Its dimensions are to be 400 feet in length, 200 in width, with a central dome, at the junction of the transept and nave, 200 feet in height. The iron for the work is supplied by England.

VIENNA.—It is reported that the fine cathedral of St. Stephen's is in a dangerous state, and that a committee has been appointed to examine its condition, especially with reference to the steeple, which some suppose must be taken down.

DRESDEN.—Rietschel is expected to leave this city for London in the month of March, taking with him a model, one-third of the real size, of his monument to Luther, a description of which has already appeared in the columns of the *Art-Journal*.

COPENHAGEN.—The Industrial Exhibition, which was announced to take place here during the year just commenced, has been postponed till 1861.

EARLY DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.*

It may appear a strange assertion, but nevertheless it is most true, that a work which even in this book-producing age yet remains a *desideratum*, is a popular History of England really worthy of its title. Pretenders of this class, of course, exist in large numbers and abundant variety; and they naturally differ very considerably in the degree in which they either approach or fall away from the standard of accuracy and completeness, as their authors may have been more or less qualified for their task. Until very recently the writers of English History have scarcely considered their qualifications to include a familiarity with English archaeology—a familiarity, in other words, with those historical monuments, upon which a genuine History of England must necessarily in so great a measure be built up. At length, however, the true character of the history of our country is beginning to be understood amongst us, and we are at the same time rapidly advancing towards the general adoption of a just estimate of its value and importance. Without in the slightest degree depreciating the worth of classic histories, we are in the act of assigning to our national annals their proper position in our esteem. The interest of the Peloponnesian war and of the campaigns of Hannibal remains fresh and vivid as ever; but we are now disposed to regard with at least equal attention the Wars of the Roses, and the other struggles, both foreign and civil, in which our remote ancestors were almost habitually engaged. It is the same with the early Arts of England. We do not think of substituting them, as objects of study and investigation, for those of Greece and Italy; and yet we have become conscious both of their intrinsic worthiness, and also of the important part which they alone are able to discharge with fidelity in framing Histories of England. In the great art of Architecture, for example, while zealously exploring what relics the middle ages have left of their stone-inscribed memorials, we still look with reverence to a style of which the Parthenon is at once the type and the crowning achievement; and the grandeur of old Rome remains, as of yore, inseparably associated in our minds with its temples, its fora, and its amphitheatres. Perhaps, indeed, we have learned for the first time to form the highest possible estimate, because the most accurate one, of ancient classic architecture at the very period in which we find ourselves striking out fresh paths of inquiry respecting the early architecture of our own country.

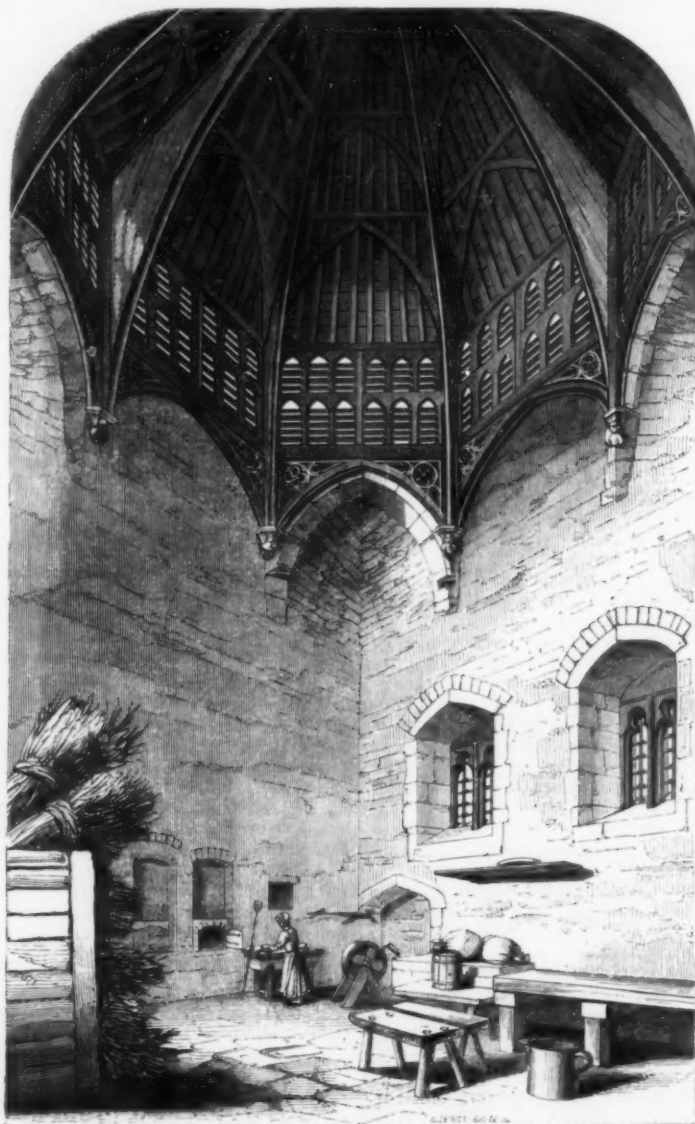
We hear, in these times, but too much of an architectural controversy which has been entitled *Gothic versus Classic*; whereas the architectural researches and studies of the present day ought in fact to be considered as being directed, with a twofold and yet a single object, to the conjoint investigation of national as well as of foreign architecture.

It has hitherto been one of the singular characteristics of our study of architecture, that we have been content to know as little as possible about that of our own country, provided we might become connoisseurs in the architecture of classic antiquity. Of late years Gothic architecture has excited unwonted attention; still, as the more remarkable and the better known buildings in that style were cathedrals and churches, the Gothic has very generally been assumed to be an exclusively ecclesiastical style,—precisely as it has been taken for granted that the columnar orders of Greece and Rome are universally applicable and always appropriate for every purpose, here in England. An inevitable result of such a system of architectural study has been an inability to deal justly and consistently with the novel question of determining the distinctive attributes of what we may now be disposed to accept as our own national style of domestic architecture. Having little or no acquaintance with the domestic architecture of England in early periods of English history, and being familiar with the prevailing architectural styles both of old Rome and of

the Italian Renaissance, men would be led to regard a proposal for the adoption of a modern English domestic architecture as simply equivalent with the definite recognition of the Romano-Italian style, as the domestic architecture of this country. And this is exactly the position assumed by the present most strenuous supporters of an Anglo-Classic style, as the lawful, legitimate, and by far the most desirable architecture for English domestic edifices. Not being acquainted with a native English domestic architecture, they peremptorily ignore any claims which the advocates of such a style may unexpectedly advance. This closely resembles that effect of the fashion for foreign travel, which leads tourists superciliously to condemn English scenery, that they not only have never seen, but which they appear to have regarded as unworthy of their attention, because

it was close at hand and easy of access. Fortunately, the picturesque beauty of our island scenery has no longer any need of triumphant vindication. And, in like manner, just at the time when we were informed that the revival of an early English domestic architecture was simply impossible, from that most conclusive reason that no such early English domestic architecture ever existed, Mr. Parker quietly places in our hands the concluding volumes of his admirable history of this very art. Never was a book more opportune in the period of its appearance,—never one that dealt in a more satisfactory manner with the subject to which it was devoted, or was more conclusive as a reply to those who were ready to assume the non-existence of an architecture, of which they chanced to be ignorant.

It must be distinctly understood that Mr. Parker's



KITCHEN AT STANTON HARCOURT, OXFORDSHIRE.

work is absolutely free from the slightest inclination towards any architectural controversy. He neither advocates one style, nor assumes a position opposed to those who may maintain the superiority of another style. His volumes form a descriptive history, and they are consequently filled with the records and illustrations of facts, and leave arguments and discussions without notice. Following out the historical and descriptive inquiry so ably commenced by the late lamented Hudson Turner, the editor of the Oxford Glossary has thoroughly investigated the subject of early domestic architecture in England, and in three distinct yet most closely associated works he has brought down his "account" from the Norman Conquest to the era of Henry VIII. Mr. Parker's volumes, accordingly, trace out both

the development and the decline of the purely national domestic architecture of old England; they accompany the progressive establishment of peaceful society in England in the place of feudal despotism, and show how the older castles were succeeded first by castellated mansions, and then by manor-houses in which but faint traces of military architecture could be said to linger; they point out also the intimate connection between the English of the middle ages and their domestic architecture, and demonstrate the immense importance of our early domestic architecture as a chisel-written chronicle for the guidance and instruction of our historians.

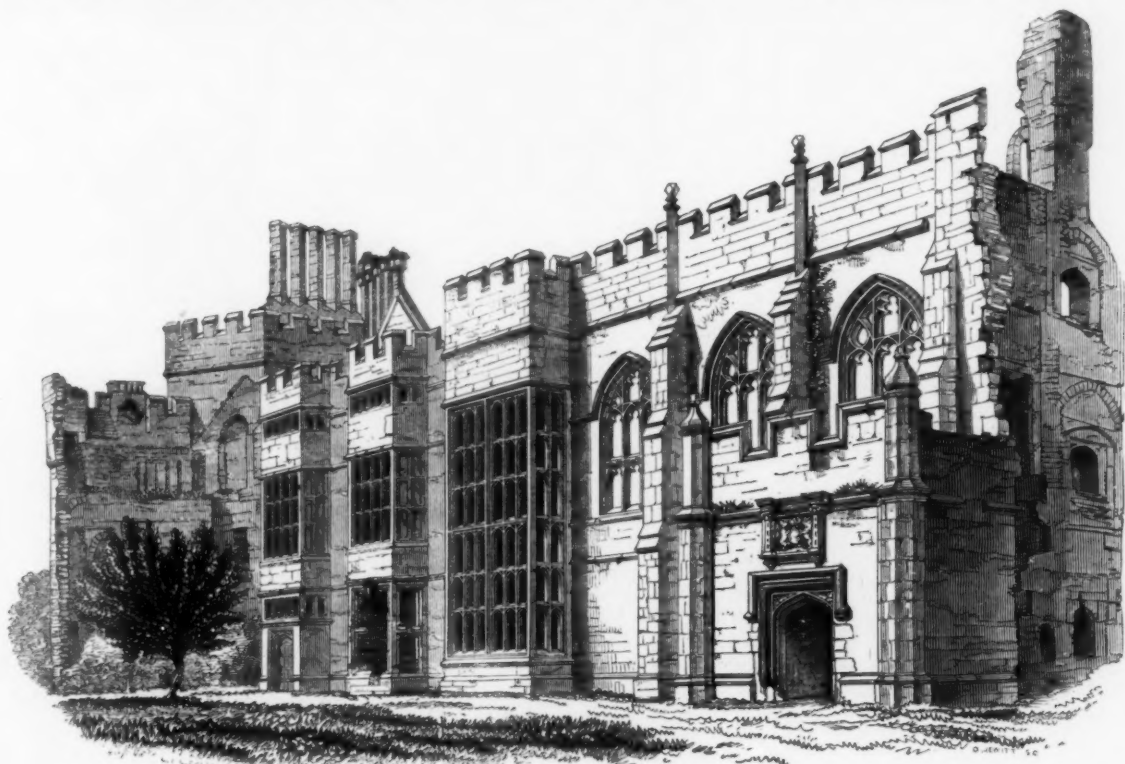
When we find Mr. Parker's volumes lying open before us, and observe that the two last of the series bear the date 1859, we are involuntarily led to

* SOME ACCOUNT OF DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND. FROM RICHARD II. TO HENRY VIII. With numerous illustrations. By the Editor of the "Glossary of Architecture." Oxford and London: John Henry and James Parker. 1859.

inquire about former editions, for it is difficult to conceive that the early domestic architecture of England should have been permitted to remain without any authoritative exponent and record until the middle of the last year. Yet such is the fact. The new work is its own first edition. This is the first work that has given a real "account" of our early domestic architecture. This circumstance is sufficiently singular in itself, but it becomes even more remarkable when it appears that that subject has not been overlooked, either from a want of materials, or from their being deficient in interest or authenticity. It is not possible to examine Mr. Parker's volumes without an increasing surprise at the rich abundance of his materials; and, as we proceed from chapter to chapter, we appear to have the England of the olden time brought before us under a fresh, yet a thoroughly truthful and a deeply interesting aspect. Examples of early English domestic architecture, which we had supposed to exist only in rare instances, and in advanced conditions of ruinous dilapidation, are found to remain in vast numbers, and to retain, comparatively uninjured, all the characteristic features of their original aspects and uses. We thus learn to regard the Gothic of

England as English architecture, not merely from its having bequeathed to us our cathedrals, but because we see how it pervaded our country, and for centuries was the only style known to exist among our forefathers. It must also be remarked that this architecture grew up in our country, with the growth of our country itself. The domestic edifices which it produced were always well adapted for the purposes for which they were intended; as the architecture is invariably found capable of the happiest adaptation to a diversity of particular circumstances, and a constant change in the general condition of society at large. The arrangements, however, of the early buildings of different classes, and at successive periods, were not, in each stage of mediæval English architecture, the result of the working of any one powerful mind; they were not produced from "the design of some one great architect, who gave the key-note which other builders followed;" nor were they the work of even a single generation; on the contrary, the entire architecture was the progressive growth of centuries. The style advanced with advancing time. "Side by side with the gradual development of the civilization, wealth, and power of England, grew the domestic habita-

tions of the country; in each age reflecting not only the manners and customs of the people, but the position and prosperity of the English as a nation; each progressive step in the gradual development of the style and plan" of the successive edifices constituting "an illustration to a page of history." These remarks are equally applicable in the case of the more decidedly castellated structures of the strong border towers, in which strength and security were held to compensate for defective domestic accommodation, of country manor-houses, of monastic establishments, and of every variety of public and private buildings, as well in the streets of the towns as in the villages which studded the country. So far as the buildings of those days aspired to any architectural character, they were in their degree and capacity exponents of the national style; and, on the other hand, the national style was always found to be prepared and qualified to provide whatever architectural requirements Englishmen, in the days of the Edwards and Henries, had occasion to seek. Mr. Parker traces the working of the style under every contingency, and the perusal of his volumes leaves the mind impressed with a picture of English history, such as cannot be drawn without



COWDRAY HOUSE.

the aid of the materials of which he has been the first clearly to explain the use.

It is not our purpose to follow Mr. Parker from chapter to chapter of his work, nor do we even intend to place before our readers a condensed analysis of any one single chapter. Much less have we any thoughts of entering upon a course of argument, deduced from what Mr. Parker has so ably written upon the domestic architecture of England in past times, and applicable to the existing contest which is carried on with such warmth, with reference to what should, or should not, be the domestic architecture of the time now present. We are content to accept the work under our consideration as a most valuable addition to the Art-literature of our country, and we direct attention to its pages, as containing contributions of the highest importance towards the production of the popular history of England, for which, whenever it appears, we have in store so cordial a welcome. Mr. Parker professes to give an "account" of that domestic architecture which grew up and flourished in England, and then fell into abeyance; and, having most faithfully accomplished the duty he had undertaken, he has left his work to accomplish its own proper effect. We do the same.

We set forth what the work is, what it undertook to do, and how it has done it; we strongly recommend it to all who are interested in its subject; and to those who would take any part in the discussion and application of that subject, we pronounce a study of this work to be indispensable.

It is scarcely necessary to add that a first intimate acquaintance is formed, or an existing familiarity with the early domestic architecture of England is renewed, under very pleasant conditions, through the agency of Mr. Parker's volumes. Concise, and yet explicit, lucid, and abounding in matter which is always agreeably conveyed, the work is second to none that bear the publishers' names, in the style in which it has been produced. The tables of contents, the classification and arrangement of the materials, the indexes, the illustrative and explanatory references, and, though last mentioned, far from least in merit and value, the wood-engravings—all of them by Orlando Jewitt—leave nothing to be desired. We have sincere pleasure in introducing, as specimens, two of Mr. Jewitt's admirable illustrations into our own pages. The first represents the interior of the square, lofty, tower-like kitchen at Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordshire, with its fine, open

timber roof, of admirable carpentry, that rises as a pyramidal vault over the spacious apartment. Louvre boards, for the escape of smoke and steam, are seen at the lower part of the roof; but there still remain fire-places and ovens, which have their chimneys built in the thickness of the walls. This thoroughly architectural kitchen, which is one of the finest existing examples of its class, stands apart from the manor-house, having its external walls embattled, and at one angle a stair-turret. It appears to have been erected during the reign of Edward IV. The second engraving is a view of Cowdray House, near Midhurst, in Sussex, built by William Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton, who died in 1542. This fine specimen of the English nobleman's country-seat of the period, in itself would be able to maintain the claims of our early domestic architecture for a high reputation. When perfect, it consisted of a quadrangle with some projecting structures, and it comprised, with many other apartments, a gateway, a chapel, and a hall of unusual size and magnificence. Unfortunately, in 1793, all that could burn of this noble building was consumed by fire, and what then resisted the conflagration has since remained a ruin.

THE
COLLECTIONS OF THE BRITISH
SCHOOL AT KENSINGTON.

ON the 5th of December the collections that were removed from Marlborough House were opened to the public in the new rooms that have been erected for their reception adjoining the Kensington Museum. In the first apartment we enter, the light is so far removed from the pictures, as to make the room somewhat sombre, in comparison with the others, of which the roofs are lower, and, consequently, the light is nearer the pictures. If this room were the first erected, it must have been found to be a mistake; if it were the last that was built, it is a marvel that such an experiment could be risked, after the better proof of the lower roofing. If, as we were assured on the voting of the supplies last session of Parliament, these rooms are to be only the temporary abode of these collections, there is nothing to be said "anent" the mode of lighting. But if it be shown that they are designed as the permanent resting-place of the pictures, then shall we question closely these mere alits in the roof and their limited light-shed. The walls of the large gallery, that is, of the first room we enter, are painted red, while those of the inner rooms are green, the former several tones darker than the latter. This cannot have been done under one direction; if so, wherefore such diversity? All positive hues are decompounds of the delicate harmonies of a highly wrought work of Art, when placed in opposition to it; hence the necessity of colouring in neutral tones all walls whereon pictures are hung, and of which so much is exposed as we see at Kensington. The first room contains pictures that we have been accustomed to see at Marlborough House, by Lawrence, West, Hogarth, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Constable, Hilton, Wilkie, &c.; and with them two Italian pictures, the large Bassano and the Caravaggio. At the end of this gallery two long parallel suites of rooms turn off at a right angle. The end of the first room of the left parallel is covered with a selection of Turner's drawings, and then succeed works by Wilkie, Hilton, Constable, Lawrence, Stothard, Phillips, Wilson, Jackson, Gainsborough, Reynolds, &c. In the third room commences the Vernon Collection, which continues through the other rooms of the same parallel, and in the corresponding rooms of the other parallel is the Sheepshanks Collection, with all the drawings and scraps which Mr. Sheepshanks was so many years in accumulating. The remaining rooms of the right-hand parallel are occupied by the Turner Collection, and here is Turner seen as he has never been seen before. We may guess at the quality of other works in a low light; but at Marlborough House each picture of Turner was a splendid mystery, soluble only in a high degree of light. A few of his compositions we may instance: one bearing the humble title of 'Crossing the Brook'—a production painted before he was seized with the prismatic monomania—is one of the grandest landscapes ever placed upon canvas. It is put together from English scenery, with a classic realism sprung, surely, of the same inspirations that animated the best of the Greek and Latin poets. And then there is 'Dido and Æneas leaving Carthage on the Morning of the Chase,' that called 'Apuleia in search of Apuleius,' with a catalogue of others of rare excellence, those, especially, painted before 1825. Turner is here, at last intelligible, despite the books that have been written to mystify him by explanation. His poetry appears in the catalogue appended to those titles to which they were originally added in the Academy catalogues, but this would have been better omitted. It were too much to expect that his poetic had been equal to his graphic power; and yet it is marvellous that the poetic expression should be of so high an order in painting, and so base in verse. The line of landscapes hung near 'Crossing the Brook' is the most fascinating the world of Art has ever yet seen; and the lesson that we learn from them is not to follow Turner, but to study nature. Of the contents of these rooms we may be proud; for although there are works among them scarcely mediocre, there is no collection in Europe that is not open to the same objection. Of Turner's drawings there are but a few hung.

ART IN THE PROVINCES, IRELAND,
AND SCOTLAND.

LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER.—SHILLING ART-UNIONS.—We may borrow some good things from France: the experiment made last year in Paris of shares in an Art-lottery, at one franc a share, was copied by an enterprising and estimable gentleman. Mr. Baruchson, a merchant in Liverpool, who is one of the committee of the "Society of Fine Arts," saw with regret, that in so wealthy a city little more than 350 guineas could be raised in any year, by guinea subscriptions, for the aid and encouragement of Art: he therefore laboured to plant this exotic in Liverpool, and, assisted by the society's excellent and indefatigable secretary, Joseph Boulton, Esq., set to work, with a success that will surprise our readers, when they learn that the shilling subscriptions now amount—not to 350—but to 2000, guineas, and will probably reach a third more before the lists are closed. As pictures to the amount of £2000 have been "sold" in the rooms of the society in Bold Street, we may reasonably expect that the sum to be expended there, this year, will not be much less than £5000. The example of Liverpool has been followed by Manchester, and with nearly the same results: the liberal and energetic people of Manchester are indeed running a race with those of the sister city, and it is a question by whom the larger amount will be raised. No doubt the principle will spread; and perhaps in all the large manufacturing towns of England, this year, there will be "SHILLING ART-UNIONS." We have been at some pains to ascertain the class of people who are the principal subscribers to these two large funds. We find among them comparatively few artisans, and none of a grade lower, as yet. We were under the impression that masters who employ numbers of men had influenced their workmen to subscribe; such, however, is not the case. The lists are composed chiefly of the middle classes—tradesmen, clerks, and so forth—who might reluctantly part with a guinea, but who readily contribute five shillings for as many shares, and consequently as many chances. It is needless to say no prints are given; nothing is obtained but the chance of gaining a picture—that is to say, the right to choose a picture, of a given price, from the walls of the respective exhibitions of the two Art-societies—the one in Bold Street, Liverpool, the other in the Royal Institution, at Manchester—both being now open. It is hard to guess as to the nature of the choice when a prize is gained for a shilling by a person probably ignorant of Art; but no doubt proper advice will be sought, to say nothing of the rapidly growing intelligence on all such subjects. We have no great fear that bad works will be chosen in preference to good. But, next year, we imagine the selection will not be left altogether in the hands of prize-gainers; a committee will select, for instance, ten of £50 each; prize-gainer No. 1, whose prize amounts to £50, will thus choose from ten pictures, while prize-gainer No. 10 will have no choice. This is the plan we long ago recommended to the Art-Union of London, and which we have urged—we believe with a different result—upon the committees of Liverpool and Manchester. Artists will thus find it absolutely essential to paint up to the knowledge of competent judges, and not down to the comprehensions of persons who measure value by gay colour or large size; otherwise, perhaps, the greatly increased sales that may be looked for in provincial exhibitions would be a calamity, and not a boon to Art.

MANCHESTER.—We understand that the artists of Manchester have for very many years desired to found an Academy of Arts; in fact, that the Royal Institution—one of the finest buildings in the city, an early work of Sir C. Barry—owes its existence to efforts of the artistic body, who initiated its foundation, but who were afterwards—rather by mistake than intention—deprived of any share in its management. For some time immediately succeeding the Art-Treasures Exhibition, the artists met to carry out the formation of an exhibition of local Art, to take place at the same time as the world's great show of Art. This exhibition was peculiarly successful, receiving admiring attention from many thousand visitors, and from royalty itself. The Prince Consort visited its galleries, examined the pictures minutely, and for upwards of an hour, under the guidance of Mr. Hammersley, made himself acquainted with the condition of Art in Manchester. So successful was this local effort, that it became doubly evident that Manchester should found a school worthy of itself, and worthy of a Prince known to possess such a refined feeling for all that is beautiful and ennobling—his Royal Highness promising to give his countenance when such

an Academy should be formed. Its formation is now an accomplished fact, and we only wait more additional details to present to our readers such a veritable scheme of Art-union as will command success by its excellence.

PORTSMOUTH.—We have occasionally referred to the Art-character of the works executed by Messrs. Emanuel, gold and silversmiths to the Queen, at Portsea and Portsmouth. One of their most recent productions is a massive chain of office, intended for the use of the mayors of Portsmouth; it weighs nearly 36 ounces, and in fashion consists of the clasp formed after the rare and quaint old mediæval seal of the ancient college of "Domus Dei," with curious allegorical designs. From this, plain rectangular links (intended to bear the names of future mayors) pass on either side to shields, engraved with the obverse and reverse of the great seals of the borough, viz., the antique ship of Edward II., and the shrine of the titular saints. The links then change their shape to a handsome bold curb, part plain, and part engraved. On the succeeding shields the maritime anchors stand in full relief, and the centre shield bears the crest of the present mayor, Mr. H. Ford. From this hangs a massive pendant, in rich scroll-work, supporting a shield with the crest of the borough (the crescent and star), crossed at the back by the mace and the sword of state. In design and workmanship, the chain is a beautiful specimen of the art of the goldsmith.

DUBLIN.—The Royal Hibernian Academy have relinquished their annual grant of £300: we congratulate that body; the act is becoming and honourable; it releases them from trammels embarrassing and discreditable, and makes them free labourers on a soil they can render fertile and productive. The grant has not only done no good to Art in Ireland—it has been a positive evil, operating as a heavy discouragement: its professors have been inactive under its baleful influence, resting upon that, and not upon themselves—sharing a poor pittance, and doing nothing. We have strong hopes in their future; "emancipated, disenthralled," they may now rise—and assuredly will rise, for neither genius nor energy are lacking in the Irish character: its great defect is the opposite of self-dependence. It was a bold act, however; manly and right; we trust there will be a public to appreciate and reward. Many years ago—more than twenty—we anathematized this grant, and made many enemies by our outspeaking. We rejoice to know that time has brought conviction of the truth and wisdom of our words.

CORK.—Mr. Wyld, one of the inspectors of the Department of Science and Art, paid a visit to the Cork School of Art towards the close of the past year, to examine the drawings of the pupils, and to award the prizes, which, on this occasion, amounted to twenty-eight, only two less than the greatest number allowed by the Department. Out of the twenty-eight works selected for the medal prize, twenty were chosen to be forwarded to London, for competition in the united exhibition of the various Schools of Art in the Kingdom. Besides the medals, thirty-five prizes of books, colour-boxes, &c., were awarded to the students for proficiency in subjects connected with Art, and twenty-one to those who are taught in four national schools, by Art-pupils, under the direction of the master, Mr. Shiel, who has held the appointment since July, 1857, but is about to relinquish it, and proceed to Rome to study painting.

GLASGOW.—The great western window of the Glasgow Cathedral has recently been filled in with painted glass, and "inaugurated," as the phrase now is, in the presence of a large and influential body of subscribers and citizens, of different religious Protestant creeds, in a fitting manner. The window is the gift of the brothers Baird, of Gartsherrie, and has been executed by the glass painters of Munich, from the design of M. Von Schwind, a distinguished member of the Royal Academy of that city. To attempt a descriptive analysis of this ecclesiastical decoration would occupy more space than we could afford; moreover, as we have had no opportunity of personally examining the work, we are not in a position to express our own opinion. It is something, however, to be assured of the public feeling that exists—of which the window in question is an expression—for ornamenting our sacred edifices worthily, and in a manner that bespeaks a love of a pure Protestant faith, far removed from Puritanism on the one hand, and Romanism on the other. The committee appointed to carry out the work acknowledge the service rendered by their secretary, Mr. Charles Heath Wilson, for the zeal and attention he has given to it. But may we not ask if it were absolutely necessary to go to Munich? are there no glass painters in England capable of producing what the German artists have done?

THE COMPANION-GUIDE

(BY RAILWAY)

IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

ILLUSTRATED BY

J. D. HARDING, BIRKET FOSTER, F. W. BULME, R. W. COLEMAN, J. A. BROOKER, E. M. WIMPRESS, F. W. FAIRHOLT, COMMANDER MAY, R.N., AND OTHERS.

PART I.



OUR pleasant duty is to lead our readers through a district that affords abundant materials for the pen and pencil: conducting them by railway through South Wales, beginning at venerable Gloucester and ending at Milford Haven; passing through Chepstow, Newport, Cardiff, Neath, Swansea, and Carmarthen—towns of high interest and historic fame, that neighbour many places famous since

the Britons warred with the Romans, and the brave and indomitable Welsh struggled, not always in vain, with Norman conquerors, who have left imperishable traces of their contests and their settlements—suggestions for thought and subjects for pictures.

Of late years there has been a very general—a strong and marked—desire to be made acquainted with objects that merit attention, and reward inquiry, at home; to remove a reproach, not unjustly urged, against the English—of being more familiar with attractions they have sought abroad than with those they may find in their own Islands: such as are associated with glorious memories, and are wholesome and honourable stimulants to Patriotism and to Virtue. Not only are they fair to the eye,—our plains and woods, hills and dales, streams and rivers, rural villages and rich demesnes, spacious harbours and stern or sheltered sea-coasts,—the mind is perpetually instructed and enlightened by remains of past ages that illustrate our History. The cromlech of the Briton, the tumulus of the Roman, the barrow of the Saxon, abbeys, monasteries, and churches, "in ruins eloquent!"

"Time consecrates,
And what is grey with age becomes Religion."

The Artist and the Author find in Great Britain themes more abundantly prolific than they can encounter elsewhere; and may rejoice if it be their destiny to extend the teachings and the influence which any Home Tour is certain to convey.

Of all that can inform the mind and delight the eye there is in SOUTH WALES a mine of wealth—inexhaustible, yet comparatively unexplored. Although amazingly rich in landscape beauty, and historic remains, little has been hitherto accomplished for making known its many and manifest advantages: the tide of popular favour running northward through the Principality. We shall show, however, that if there be less of savage grandeur in the mountains and sea-rocks, and of "breadth" in its wooded valleys, the South may vie with the North in attractions that reward the lover of nature, the artist, the historian, the ecclesiologist, and the archaeologist.

The SOUTH WALES RAILWAY is now not only the road to the extensive and busy district between Gloucester and Milford,—the vast coal-field of the kingdom, and its iron mine, and therefore the true source of its prosperity and power,—it is also the great highway to the south of Ireland, and is increasing daily in value and importance. We shall endeavour to describe and illustrate every point of interest on the way.

Our purpose, however, is not so limited. There are ruins, valleys, hills, and river-sides to be visited on this route, by day-excursions from leading stations. They are rich in picturesque beauty, in local traditions, and in heroic histories. Thus, "faire Tinterne" is but five miles from Chepstow; while at Chepstow is the fine Norman castle so long the prison of "the Regicide." At even a less distance from Newport is the ancient city of the Romans, Caerleon, beside the romantic river Usk. From Cardiff there is a delicious run, by road or railway, up the vale of the Taff; while the vale of Neath is more than its rival in interest and beauty; and possibly both will be considered as surpassed by the charms of the Towy, that, running through rich alluvial meadows, under high hills, of which far-famed "Grongar" is one, watering the rock foundations of many castles, and refreshing ancient Carmarthen, loses itself in the bay to which it gives name,—a bay, however, second in interest and in beauty to that of Milford, the "happiest" of all the harbours of either Wales or England.

Through this interesting and highly instructive district we purpose to conduct the reader, aided by the many Artists with whom we have the honour to be associated in our task.

Our TOUR commences at venerable—very venerable—GLOUCESTER. Where its Cathedral now stands, there was a Christian church seventeen hundred years ago; one of those primitive edifices, constructed of clay and wattles, that cradled religion when its missionaries were few, labouring amid difficulties, surmounted only by Divine aid—aid accorded to men of superhuman energy, to whom perils were duties, and who, strong in faith, encountered and conquered!

Gloucester ranks among the oldest of English cities. It was a place of strength and importance before the Roman invasion. The Britons called the city "Caer Gloew," which signifies a fortress bright or beautiful. After the Roman conquest, the word had "a Latin termination,



ST. MARY-DE-LODE: HOOPER'S MONUMENT.

and became Glevum." By the Saxons it was named "Gleaw-ceastre," a name which, with slight variation, it has since retained; and to which, from its situation, in the midst of fertile lands that border "princelie Severn," and surrounded by lofty hills, it is eminently entitled.

It has sustained its prominent position among the foremost cities of the kingdom, from that far-off time to our own day. Here the Norman conqueror frequently held his court: here the first Henry assembled the first British Parliament: here Henry III. was crowned: here the second Richard presided over a "factious and unprofitable parliament:" here Edward II. was "entertained;" and here, after his murder at Berkeley Castle, he was buried: hence the third



GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL: ST. OSWALD'S PRIORY.

Richard took his ducal title: here Harry of Monmouth held a parliament: here a "stout stand" was made, during the civil war, against a besieging army commanded by the unhappy King in person. In all the conflicts of a thousand years, "old Gloucester" has borne its part—and has ever borne it bravely, increasing and prospering the while, and maintaining its claim to rank among the most powerful, as well as the most beautiful, of English cities.

Gloucester stands on an elevation above the Severn, admirably situate for trade and commerce by land and sea; for it is the outlet of a large and productive district, agricultural and manufacturing; the great river is a high-way to all parts of the world; a canal connects it with the Thames; a ship-canal is a valuable aid to its prosperity; and several railroads establish

direct and rapid intercourse with all parts of England. Notwithstanding its antiquity, Gloucester does not contain many relics of by-gone times; they are sufficient, however, to provide for the Tourist a day's profitable occupation. Foremost amongst them is the venerable and beautiful Cathedral, to which grand object of attraction we limit our observations; adding a few passing remarks concerning the old PRIORY OF ST. OSWALD, of which a striking view is obtained from the railway as we leave the city; and the renowned church of ST. MARY-DE-LODE, in the graveyard of which stands a monument to Bishop Hooper, raised there to commemorate an event recorded in the following inscription:—"John Hooper, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Worcester, was burnt on this spot on Saturday, February ix, MDLX., for his steady adherence to the Protestant Religion." There is no need to relate the history of this persecution and martyrdom:—Hooper was one of many who, in an age of cruelty and bigotry, by their heroic deaths, gave vigorous life to that purer faith which, far beyond all other things—princes, parliaments, and powers—makes England a land of liberty.

Tradition informs us that a bishop and preachers were appointed at Gloucester in the year of our salvation 139, and that Eldad, or Aldate, was bishop of that place in the year 522. It is also said that Lucius, the first Christian king of Britain, by the advice of Fagan and Damian, missionaries from the see of Rome, placed three archbishops in England—at London, York, and Gloucester—instead of the three heathen arch-priests who then resided in those "cities."

The missionary "settlement"—for it was little more until a much later period—underwent many changes. It is probable that after at least two "removals" further off from the danger of river inundations, the edifice was placed on the site it now occupies; and that it was indebted to the Norman conquerors for the form it eventually assumed of strength and beauty, together with its status and dignity as "a church." The establishment was successively a nunnery, a college of secular priests, and a Benedictine abbey; which latter character it bore until the Reformation. The conqueror appointed his own chaplain, William Serlo, abbot of Gloucester. He found in the abbey only two monks, but soon increased the number to a hundred. The old church and monastery were burned down in 1088, a circumstance that enabled Serlo to increase the magnificence of the abbatial buildings. The main structure of the present cathedral, from the seventh western arch of the nave to the extremity of the choir, is to be attributed to him; and though it is in some places masked, and in other parts partially concealed by the lighter and more elaborate work of a much later period, we still recognise in the massive and rude masonry, in the plain cylindrical piers, and the rounded arches with their characteristic enrichments of zigzag and billet carving, the solid and almost imperishable work of the Norman architect.

Throughout the entire region, in the midst of which the city of Gloucester is placed, very shortly after the establishment of the Norman rule in England, the churches of the Anglo-Normans arose on every side in massive strength, and on a scale of grandeur truly wonderful. The old church-builders must have felt they were at home in England, and were providing for the religious worship of their descendants through many generations. Their edifices are of vast size, and abound in close proximity to one another; some of them still impressively Anglo-Norman, others either changed or modified in accordance with the architectural changes and modifications of succeeding centuries, or sometimes still thoroughly Anglo-Norman in their ruins.

The Norman architecture of the Cathedral is singularly grand. The piers of the nave are lofty, cylindrical in form, and quite plain; they are crowned by the characteristic "cushion-capitals" of the style, from which spring the half-circular arches of the great arcade. The true proportions of these noble piers are now lost in consequence of the present pavement rising above the level of their plinths, as is the case at York. The ancient roadway at Gloucester, however, is said to be still in existence, and *in situ*, Herculaneum-like, beneath its modern covering. Above the pier-arches is a low Norman triforium, and, still higher, the remains of a lofty clerestory of the same period may yet be distinguished.

Besides the nave there are many other parts of the cathedral of Norman architecture; the entire choir, with its chapels, is also for the most part Norman,—that is, the Norman work remains, though it is overlaid with the most elaborate traceries and panelling of a late Perpendicular Gothic period. This part of Gloucester Cathedral is most remarkable, as an example of *venering in stone*. In part the Perpendicular is engrafted upon the Norman, and in part the old work is simply revetted or eased. And, unlike the ordinary practice of the Tudor architects, the choir of Gloucester repeatedly shows the original Norman work *through* the later Gothic; and in the open triforium, the old masonry is left unmasked, in the open discharge of its original duty. The vault of the

choir (which rises to a higher elevation than that of the nave) is one of the most complex examples of rib-tracery in England; and the great east window fills the entire end of the edifice with pierced Perpendicular panelling, with stained glass. The crypt, the remains of the conventual buildings, and all the details of the edifice, with its adjuncts, possess peculiar points of interest. The south aisle of the nave is supreme as a specimen of the decorated Gothic, when revelling in richness of decoration; and the cloisters, with their beautiful fan-tracery vaulting, stand pre-eminent amidst works of their class.

For a long period subsequent to the death of the first Norman prelate, the annals of the church at Gloucester are silent. During the thirteenth century, however, much was effected; and during the century following, a succession of abbots devoted themselves to the architectural improvement and embellishment of their edifices. Several additions were then made to the church, and the enrichments which still remain were executed. In the fifteenth century



THE STATION, GRANGE COURT.

the same spirit was manifested: the noble tower was then built by Abbot Sebroke (1450-1457); the Lady-Chapel followed; and the other Perpendicular works were completed before 1520. It is worthy of note, that large sums were obtained from the offerings of pilgrims to the tomb of Edward II.

William Malvern, *alias* Parker, was the last of the abbots: his monumental effigy, in full vestments, lies in the choir. At the Reformation the church became a cathedral; it was anew dedicated—to the Trinity; but the old name of St. Peter clings to it; it is usually called St. Peter's Cathedral. Time, although it has been more than commonly lenient to this glorious old church, has rendered much restoration necessary, and such restoration is proceeding, happily, under the direction of Gilbert Graham Scott.*



WESTBURY-ON-SYVERN.

There are many venerable and interesting churches in Gloucester: such are St. Michael's, St. Nicholas, St. Mary-de-Lode, St. John's, St. Mary-de-Crypt. The once renowned inn, also,—

* Those who delay at Gloucester to visit the beautiful cathedral, may purchase an ably written guide-book,—not to the cathedral only, but to the city,—published by Edward Power, Westgate Street. It fully and very accurately describes the several points of interest—the tower, the fronts, the nave, the choir, the north and south transepts, the crypt, the chapel of our Lady, "the whispering gallery," the library, and the monuments. The most remarkable of the monuments is the shrine of Edward II., murdered at Berkeley Castle in 1327. It was erected by his son Edward III., and is a work of great beauty. The effigy to Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of the Conqueror, who died at Cardiff, in 1134, is a singular work, boldly carved in Irish oak; the figure is recumbent and cross-legged, and about the head over the mail there is a ducal coronet. It is not possible to determine its exact date; but it was probably the gratuitous work of a monk long subsequent to the duke's interment, perhaps about the middle of the thirteenth century. The cathedral is filled with monuments, from that of "pious King Lucius," the first Christian king of Britain, who died A.D. 179, to that which honours the memory of Dr. Jenner, and records the comparatively humble name of Dr. Stock, who "planned and instituted the first Sunday school in the kingdom." There is, however, one most exquisitely beautiful work, which all who love and honour "Art" will examine with delight: it is by immortal Flaxman, and one of the finest efforts of his genius. Strange to say, no mention is made of this beautiful production of Art in either of the Guide-books.

"the Bell,"—the birth-place of the present Bishop of Exeter, is famous in the annals of the past century.

We have exceeded somewhat our limits to convey a sufficiently clear idea of the beautiful structure, Gloucester Cathedral, which greets the eye as we enter and leave the city: but there is yet another object that cannot fail to interest the passenger by railway, and induce inquiry—the RUINS OF ST. OSWALD'S PRIORY, a few broken walls of which he sees almost immediately after the train is *en route* for South Wales.

The Priory of St. Oswald, commonly called St. Katherine's Abbey, was founded by Ethelred, a later Earl of Mercia, and his famous princess Ethelfleda, or Ellida. St. Oswald was King of Northumberland in the year 634: he was a devout and religious prince. Being defeated by the Danes and slain by Penda, the fierce and sanguinary Duke of Mercia, his remains were first carried to the Abbey of Bardrey, in Lincolnshire, but afterwards removed to Gloucester, by order of Ethelred and his princess, who "built a college by Severn side," where they richly entombed his body, dedicating the edifice to his honour.

During the Norman period the Priory of St. Oswald seems to have been much enlarged and beautified. We read that Thurlstan, Archbishop of York, pulled down the old church, built a new one at large cost, and repaired St. Oswald's tomb. This building has suffered so much from the hand of time, from the ravages of war, and from neglect in peace, that little is left to attest its former magnificence; its use as an edifice dedicated to the worship of God has long since ceased. The extent of the monastery is marked by a few crumbling walls and disjointed stones, which lie scattered in all directions in the neighbourhood of the chapel, the east and south walls of which are the only parts that retain enough of their original character for us to identify their style.

Towards the close of the last century the ruins and the ground were sold by the corporation, and are now appropriated to "base uses." These broken walls "by Severn side" will, however, attract the notice of all passers by.*

Leaving Gloucester (by railway 114 miles from London), we are in an island at first, formed by two branches of the Severn—Alney Island. Here the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, often fought; and here "the fierce Silures"—ancient Britons, from neighbouring Wales—waged perpetual war with each of the intruders in succession.

The river is crossed by two ugly railway bridges; gradually we lose sight of the graceful and beautiful cathedral tower; we may, if we please, glance at the masts of tall ships moored at distant quays; and look back on green hills that shelter the venerable city. We run over lowlands, where cows are at pasture, with little to arrest the eye except fertility—and that is everywhere.

* The Severn is, next to the Thames, the largest and most important of British rivers: its original name was *Hafren*, of which *Severn* is a corruption; or, according to some writers, it is derived from the Saxon word "*Sæferne*"—sea-flowing. By the Romans it was called "*Sabrina*:" the legend which accounts for its name is thus given by Milton:—

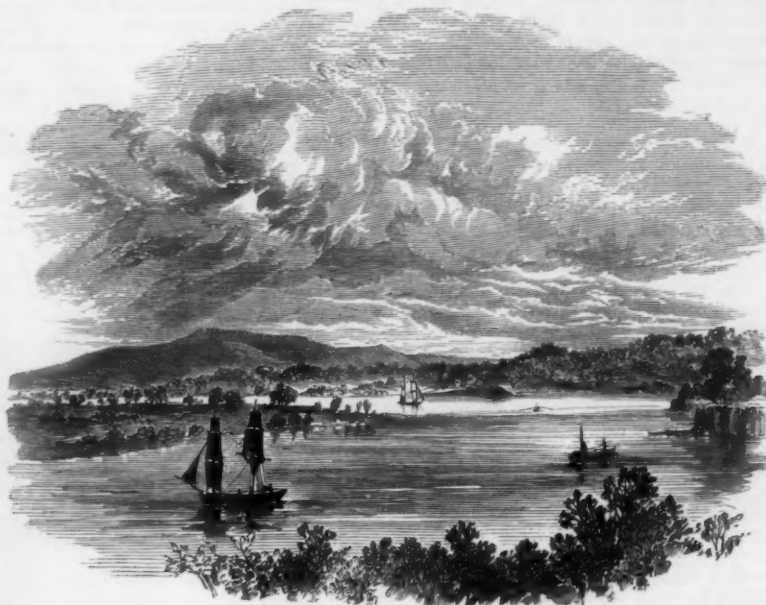
"There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name; a virgin pure,
Whilome she was the daughter of *Loecine*,
That had the sceptre from his father *Brute*.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame, *Guendolen*,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with its cross-flowing course."

The Severn rises from a spring on the eastern side of "lofty Plinlimmon," at a considerable elevation, and within a short distance of the sources of the *Wye* and *Rhidal*. It flows eastward about twelve miles to *Llanidloes*, where it receives the waters of the *Clywedog*, thence it inclines to the N.E., towards *Welshpool*, where it becomes navigable for small barges. A little below *Welshpool*, the Severn is joined by the *Vyrnwy*, a considerable stream; about a mile below the confluence of the *Vyrnwy*, the Severn quits *Montgomeryshire*, and enters *Shropshire*, inclining its general direction through the vale of *Shrewsbury*, nearly surrounding the town. From *Shrewsbury* it takes a south-eastern course, through *Coalbrook Dale* to *Bridgenorth*, and enters *Worcestershire* a short distance above *Bewdley*. From *Bewdley* it flows southward to *Worcester*, receiving in its course the *Stour* and *Salwarpe*. About two miles below the city it obtains a considerable accession of water by the junction of the *Terne*. Still flowing nearly due south, and passing *Upton*, it leaves *Worcestershire* at *Tewkesbury*, where it receives the *Upper Avon*, and enters the county of *Gloucester*. From *Tewkesbury* the river again changes its course, gradually inclining to the S.E.W., which direction it chiefly follows for the remainder of its course. One mile above the city of *Gloucester* the stream divides into two channels; the left, and main branch, flowing by *Gloucester*, and the right receiving the *Ledden*, the two branches reuniting a little below the city, forming the rich tract of land called *Alney Island*. From *Gloucester* the river pursues an extremely winding course to *Newnham*, previously receiving the *Frome* from the left. A short distance below *Newnham* its channel widens considerably, and although it retains the name of *river* as far as the mouth of the *Lower Avon*, it is in fact rather the estuary of the river, than the river itself. The width of this estuary between the village of *Fretherne*, below *Newnham* and the mouth of the *Avon*, where the *Bristol Channel* may be said to commence, varies from one to three miles. The total length of the Severn is about two hundred miles from this point to its source.

† "The *Silures* were reduced to subjection about the year 72 of the Christian era, by *Julius Frontinus*, from whom the *Via Julia* is thought to have been named."

The rich meadows and blooming or productive orchards of Gloucestershire greet us as we proceed. On one side is the Severn, always to the left of the line; on the other are green fields, backed by cultivated hills, with now and then, rising above trees, the steeple of a village church, round which are gathered pleasant cottages, half-hidden by thick hedge-rows, and, here and there, a mansion;—all indicating ease, comfort, and prosperity, and presenting a scene such as England only can show.

And so our FIRST STATION out of Gloucester—GRANGE COURT—is reached, a distance of seven and a half miles from the city. Here commences the SOUTH WALES RAILWAY: hitherto we have travelled by the Great Western: and we should still do so if we journeyed on to



THE SEVERN, FROM NEWNHAM CHURCHYARD.

Ross and Hereford; for here their line branches off, and thus we can, if we please, make our way through *Shrewsbury* to *Liverpool* and *Holyhead*; or we may travel round to *Newport*, through *Hereford*, *Abergavenny* and *Pontypool*—increasing the distance certainly, but varying the journey much, always a desirable object to the tourist for pleasure; it may be, hereafter, our duty to guide him by this route through a district of surpassing beauty, leading, directly or indirectly, to many of the most charming valleys in South Wales—the valleys of the *Usk* and the *Taff*, and the *Vale of Neath*.

The station at *Grange Court* is pretty and picturesque—as much so, that is to say, as a



NEWNHAM.

railway station can be: moreover, it has the charm of solitude; there is no house of any kind near it, and seldom are there any sounds except the railway whistle and the songs of birds from adjacent woods.

We have lost the river for some miles: presently it again comes in sight, affording a pleasant subject for the pencil—of which the artist has availed himself. The distant church is that of *WESTBURY*. The station next reached is *NEWNHAM*; whence we obtain another view of the broad Severn—here nearly a mile in width at high water. *Newnham* is a market town, and was formerly of some note: it was the place of appointed meeting between *Henry II.* and

Strongbow, when the stout earl returned from his Irish conquest. Remains of fortifications may still be traced—protections against incursions of the Welsh, who rarely left long at peace any settlement of the English within a day's march of their mountains. The church, dedicated to St. Peter, though not of very remote date, occupies the site, and is partly formed from the remains of a more ancient structure; it stands on a commanding cliff, that overlooks the river.

We have now the Severn always with us, until its junction with the Bristol Channel. Passing the small station of Bulloppill, at which few trains stop, and reaching that of Gatecombe, we take note of "Purton Passage,"—the old ferry across the river. There is no bridge after we leave Gloucester, the Severn soon becoming too wide and too deep; and the only way of reaching the fine, fertile tract of country—in Gloucestershire—we see on the opposite side, is by boats; it will be readily understood that in bad weather the passage is a voyage, and not without danger. If the tide is out, the eye will be continually arrested by huge sand-banks; these are of sufficient importance to have names:—Frampton Sand, Waveridge Sand, the Ridge Sand, Priun Sand, Sanager Sand, Lydney Sand, Shepherdine Sands, Oldbury Sand, rapidly follow each other between Gloucester and Chepstow.

For some miles we have skirted the famous Forest of Dean: it is on our right, the Severn being on our left. The name is derived, according to one authority, from the Saxon word "dene,"—a dale; according to Giraldus, "from its early settlers—the Danes;" or, according to Camden, from "arden,"—a term "which the Britons used to signify a wood." Many Druidic remains are found there; its ancient iron mines were undoubtedly worked by the Romans; the Saxon kings conferred upon it several privileges; the Norman conquerors made it their hunting-ground, and knew its value as a huge forge and "nurse-ground" for iron and wood. Many of the castles, in ruins, on its borders, attest the care by which it was guarded. The miners and foresters had peculiar "customs and franchise, time out of minde." And many a tall tree, that sprung from an acorn here, has borne the commerce of Britain over the world, and upheld its glory in a hundred fights. It is recorded by John Evelyn, that when, in 1588, the Spanish Armada was on its way to England, it was "expressly enjoined, that if they could not subdue the nation, and make good their conquest, they should yet be sure not to leave a tree standing in the Forest of Dean." In the civil wars of the King and the Parliament, it bore its part bravely.

The inhabitants of the forest are a singularly primitive people; for centuries they were completely isolated, and had little or no intercourse with the world beyond the shadows of their trees. They are described by historians of various epochs, as "a robustic, wild people;" so indeed they are to this day; still following their old "customs," believing in witchcraft, in the evil eye, in the efficacy of charms and incantations, and, of course, in apparitions. "One half of the forest population is understood to be employed at the coal works; a fourth part at those of iron; and the remainder in quarries and woods." That population, by the census of 1851, numbered upwards of thirteen thousand, having more than doubled within a century.*

The forest contains about 30,000 acres: there are now large and flourishing towns within its boundaries; its mines of coal and iron are richly productive; and the trees that grow there continue to furnish our dockyards. One of the chief outlets of its produce is the small town of LYDNEY—the station we next approach.

Between Gatecombe and Lydney, however—nearly midway—we must look across the Severn. The eye falls upon an assembly of masts of ships, the hulls of which are hidden by intervening banks. We take note also of a mass of masonry, that seems oddly out of place, beside a white house, and a series of red sandstone banks: it is the huge gateway of the BERKELEY SHIP CANAL, that leads from this point—Sharpness Point—to Gloucester. This great undertaking was commenced so far back as 1794: various "untoward events," however, postponed its opening to the year 1827. It is from 70 to 90 feet wide, 18 feet deep, 17 miles in length, and can be navigated by vessels of 700 or 800 tons.

The tall spire of the church at Lydney is seen long before the station is reached; and then the masts of vessels—coal barges they are, and nothing more—which mark the nature of the traffic in this busy district. Lydney is a place of historic note: the Romans were there; and it was the seat of Sir William Wintour, vice-admiral of England in the reign of

Elizabeth; one of those gallant men who shared in the great glory of that age—the defeat of the "Invincible Armada." It was his descendant who made the "famous leap" at the Wye; and who so fortified his "house," that the soldiers of the Parliament were fain to retreat from before it.* Lydney is now the great outlet for coal and iron from the neighbouring forest. The artist has pictured its sole peculiarity—THE COAL BARGES.

The station that succeeds Lydney is Woolaston: it is in no way remarkable. Between the



COAL BARGES AT LYDNEY.

two stations, however, there is a fine range of hills, that accompanies us all the way—to the right; the Severn, sometimes near and sometimes distant, being on the left. As we approach Chepstow, the eye is cheered by a remarkably pretty village—the village of Tidenham; and presently we cross the railway bridge over the Wye, leave Gloucestershire and enter Mon-



THE BERKELEY SHIP CANAL.

mouthshire—the river dividing the two counties. We have travelled twenty-seven miles and a quarter since we left Gloucester city, and our journey has occupied forty-four minutes of time.

* A learned and interesting "Historical and Descriptive Account of the Forest of Dean," has been published by the Rev. H. G. Nichols, one of the curates of the district. It is of great value, and contains a mass of curious information, the result of minute research. The author, however, unfortunately, has not collected the legends, traditions, and superstitions, to the peculiar character of which he so refers as to create a desire for another work from his pen.

* Sir John Wintour, or Winter, was a gallant soldier, who "from the pen, as secretary to the Queen, was put to the pike, and did his business very handsomely." His lady, in his absence, bravely defended his house, replying to a summons for its surrender, that "by God's assistance she was resolved to maintain it, all extremities notwithstanding." It was the latest of the king's strongholds in Gloucester; when at length it was impossible any longer to defend it, and the cause of the king had become hopeless, the brave loyalist, resolved that it should never harbour the enemies of his master, burnt it to the ground. He escaped to France, and was declared "a delinquent." His lands were bestowed on his great opponent, General Massey. The Restoration, however, gave him back his honours and estates.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—On Saturday, the 10th of December, the usual annual distribution of medals to the students was made. *Gold medals* were awarded to Samuel Lynn, for the best Historical Group of Sculpture, and to Ernest George, for the best Architectural Design. *Silver medals* to Alexander Glasgow, for the best Painting from the Life; to Richard Sithney James, for the best Drawing from the Life; to George Augustus Freezor, for the second best Drawing from the Life; and to Henry O'Connor, for the best Drawing from the Life;—to Charles Bell Birch, for the best Model from Life; to Edward Mitchell for the second best Model from Life; to George Augustus Freezor, for the best Painting from the living draped Model; to A. B. Donaldson, for the best Drawing from the Antique; to William Blake Richmond, for the second best Drawing from the Antique; to Robert Staniland West, for the best Model from the Antique; to George Slater, for the second best Model from the Antique; and to Henry M. Egton, for a specimen of Sciography. The *Gold Medal* for Painting was not awarded, the Council considering that no picture submitted to them merited this high distinction.

THE SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS of the late Mr. Leslie, R.A., will, it is said, be offered for public sale by Messrs. Foster, of Pall Mall.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—Mr. Cope's fresco is in its place in the Lords' corridor. The subject is Lady Russel taking leave of her husband, before his execution. The figures are few, and the treatment is simple and natural. Lord and Lady Russel occupy the centre of the composition, standing, their hands locked together, and the features of both proclaim the poignant emotion by which they are wrung. The prisoner is about to receive the last consolations of religion, and the ministering bishop is moved to tears by the parting. A fourth figure, the turnkey, is about to open the door for the departure of Lady Russel, and a fifth figure is the bishop's attendant. We have seen the work under great disadvantages, as it was in the centre of the corridor, surrounded by workmen in the act of moving it into the sunk panel prepared for its reception. It seems, however, to have been executed upon the only principle that can be safely applied to compositions intended for subdued light. It is broad, with effective oppositions, and must, in a good light, be a work of great power. All the frescoes in these corridors are painted upon entire panels of slate, guarded with copper, and having their backs protected by a coating of mortar on wooden bearers. When fixed in the wall, the picture does not close upon the wall, but is full an inch and a-half clear of it, as a precaution against damp, which is so rapidly destroying the works in the Poet's Hall.

MR. E. M. WARD'S two pictures, 'The Queen at the Tomb of Napoleon,' and 'The Installation of the Emperor Napoleon as Knight of the Garter,' are now finished, and are about to be placed in Buckingham Palace, her Majesty having signified her desire for their delivery. These pictures will be remembered at "the Exhibition," in 1858; they were unsatisfactory, and certainly did not uphold the reputation of the accomplished artist, who ranks among the heads of our British school. Such dissatisfaction, however, arose from their evident "incompleteness;" there were reasons for hanging them which could not be explained, and they were "sent in" as they were—to content neither the critics, nor the profession, nor, we assume, the august lady by whom they were commissioned. This, however, will not be the case now; several months of arduous labour and anxious thought have been given to them; the result is such as all who know the works of the artist—their high intellectual power—will reasonably expect. They are among the most admirable productions of our time; fine and effective illustrations of character; excellent in drawing; carried to the extreme of finish, and, in all respects, worthy national records of two remarkable events. It is right that this fact should be stated: the "Royal Academy" does not permit "unfinished" to be placed upon exhibited works; in this case the rule might have been relaxed; there were, consequently, some who imagined the

defects in these pictures to have arisen from a "falling off" in one who has not yet reached the prime of life, who is conspicuous for the thought and toil with which he works, and whose productions evidence not skilful manipulation alone, but the purpose of a high, a refined, and an educated mind.

NATIONAL GALLERY, BRITISH SCHOOL, SOUTH KENSINGTON.—The following regulations for the admission of the public have been arranged by the Committee of Council on Education, and the Trustees of the National Gallery:—1. The separate entrance to the National Gallery, British School, provided at the request of the trustees of the National Gallery, will be open for the public on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays, and for students on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, in the daytime only. 2. The public will be admitted to the National Gallery, British School, also through the Museum every day, and on those nights when the Museum is open, according to the regulations of the Museum. On those nights the National Gallery, British School, will be lighted by the department. 3. Wednesday being a public day at the National Gallery, and a students' day at the South Kensington Museum, will hereafter be a students' day at the National Gallery, British School, and the public admitted on payment (6d.) to the South Kensington Museum will be admitted also to the National Gallery, British School, through the Museum only, the National Gallery students being admissible by the separate entrance. 4. On Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, when only students are admitted to the National Gallery, British School, the public admitted by payment (6d.) to the South Kensington Museum will be admitted to the National Gallery, British School, through the Museum only. 5. The National Gallery, British School, was opened early in last month.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS held its first annual meeting for the season on the 15th of last month, over which Mr. H. Ottley, Honorary Secretary, presided. A suggestion was made, after the motion for adopting the report, that the meeting should adjourn in consequence of the small number of members present; but it was ultimately decided upon to receive, print, and circulate the report, and to reconsider it at a future meeting.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—Mr. J. C. Robinson, F.S.A., curator of the Art-museum of this institution, delivered a lecture in the theatre of the building, on the 13th of December; the subject, "Ancient Greek Painted Pottery." The address was illustrated by a numerous collection of beautiful ceramic works—vases, cups, amphore, &c.

M. NIEPCE DE SAINT VICTOR has, through M. Chevreul, communicated to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, the results of some new experiments on the agency of light. It is known that gallic acid, oxalic acid, and some other organic salts, will precipitate silver and gold from their solutions, but M. Niepce now shows that they are much more active in effecting this decomposition when the solutions have been previously exposed to sunshine. He has also observed some similar and very remarkable changes which have been produced in solutions of the salts of bromium, and in solutions of organic matter; all of them exhibiting a different chemical action after they have been exposed to light, to the re-actions which they exhibit when preserved in darkness. Another remarkable result is the following: wine has been placed in a flask, and hermetically sealed; it has then been exposed for some days to sunshine, after which it is found to be sweeter than the same wine kept in darkness. These results, which are now brought forward as new discoveries, are only confirmatory of results published in 1844, by our correspondent, Mr. Robert Hunt. In his "Researches on Light," first edition, after stating some experiments of an analogous character, he continues:—"In addition to these I would state that a mixture of the hydriodate of potash, and the ferro prussiate of potash will remain without change for a long time in the dark, but in the sun's rays an hour or two is quite sufficient to occasion a precipitation of Prussian blue, and the liberation of hydrocyanic acid. As far as my own observations have gone, I find that in all cases where precipitation does not take place immediately upon mixing two solutions, there is a very marked difference in the time required for precipitation to take place in a fluid kept

in the dark, and one exposed to diffused daylight, this being, of course, more strikingly shown if one fluid is placed in the sunshine."

PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTING.—Some very remarkable prints have lately been shown to his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and subsequently to some members of the Photographic Society, which are stated to be obtained from the photographic picture itself, with printer's ink. The pictures are certainly superior to any of the attempts we have previously seen; and if they have been obtained in the manner described, the invention will be of great value, as enabling us to multiply our photographs, and to obtain copies which are beyond the risk of fading.

ROBERTS'S SPANISH SKETCHES.—These drawings, to the number of seventy-five, are now to be seen at the German Gallery, 168, New Bond Street. They were made during Mr. Roberts's visit to Spain, somewhere about 1833, and have all been engraved. They are all on tinted paper, and some have been very rapidly executed; but where detail presents itself, there is no lack of labour. These were the first series of drawings that showed us the picturesque wealth of Spain, and the juxtaposition of Moslem and Christian architecture. The engravings are so well known, that it is not necessary to describe the drawings; but it is extremely interesting to examine works from which such beautiful plates have been made.

MACLISE'S 'EVA AND STRONGROW.'—This famous picture is now in Mr. Cox's gallery, No. 14, Berners Street, where it is to be seen to much greater advantage than in the gallery of the late Lord Northwick, whence it came direct hither, having been purchased by Mr. Cox. On its appearance on the walls of the Academy, we expressed a hope that it would become the property of the nation; but it is by no means desirable that a production so magnificent should be doomed to the everlasting gloom of the Houses of Parliament, where, certainly, the endless beauties that court the brightest light could never be seen. Of the frescoes that are already in the Palace at Westminster, there are some which are infinitely below the quality of what public works of Art should be; and of the thousands of oil pictures that are produced in even a long course of years, there are but very few that it would be desirable the government should purchase. Thus, if MacLise's picture does not become public property, it will be a slur upon the British school, a chapter wanting in its patent history. In the same gallery there is the 'Venus,' by Titian, also from the Northwick collection, besides a variety of excellent works from the same source, by Annibale Caracci, Guercino, Rubens, Jordaens, Canaletti, Tiepolo, &c., and others by Dyce, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Callcott, Roberts, Collins, &c.

BARON MAROCHETTI'S well-known colossal statue of Cœur-de-Lion, the destination of which has been so long matter of uncertainty, is at length to find a final resting-place in Palace Yard, opposite to the Peers' entrance of the Houses of Parliament.

MR. HENRY COOK, the water-colour painter, has, we learn, received a commission from the King of Sardinia to paint a series of pictures illustrating the principal engagements that were fought during the recent war in Lombardy. Mr. Cook paid a visit to Northern Italy, during the autumn, for the purpose of sketching its scenery, and in particular that of the late battle-fields; the drawings being submitted to the inspection of the king, he gave the artist the commission referred to.

THE DEANE-HARDING REVOLVER.—Antagonistic as are arms and the din of war to the Fine Arts, yet, as just now even artists are laying aside their pencils to learn their "facings," and acquire some knowledge of military science, we can scarcely be called to order for referring to the weapon bearing the above title, and which, from the simplicity of its construction, appears to deserve especial notice as a fire-arm. By the withdrawal of a pin placed over the cylinders, an immediate separation of the different parts is obtained, so that each is at once ready for cleaning; by a retrograde action of the pin the revolver again becomes perfect. This action is continuous, and as the functions of the discharge are solely confined to the cock and the trigger, the probability of the weapon getting out of order is much lessened.

MR. CHRISTOPHER DRESSER, Lecturer on Botany at the Department of Science and Art, and author of several papers on botany, which have appeared in the *Art-Journal*, has had the degree of Doctor of Philosophy conferred on him by the University of Jena, in consideration of the services he has rendered to the cause of botanical science. The chair of botany at Jena is occupied by Herr Schleiden, who is one of the most eminent botanists in Europe.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT FOR ST. PAUL'S.—W. Calder Marshall, R.A., and W. F. Woodington, are busy in preparing the bas-reliefs for this "national work." They are, however, designed to fill panels in the chapel, and not to compose parts of the actual monument. Each artist is to produce three bas-reliefs: one of 8 feet in length, and two of 4 feet, semi-circular in form. Mr. Marshall executes those which illustrate Peace; and Mr. Woodington those that designate War.

SCAFFOLDINGS TO STREET MONUMENTS.—The piles of scaffolding still remain, near the west front of Westminster Abbey, and in Waterloo Place, but the memorials that have been so long promised to these important public places have not yet made their appearance. We repeat our indignant protest against the positive nuisance of these piles of unsightly timber, and again call upon the parochial authorities to insist either upon their removal or their being brought into action for their only legitimate purpose—the completion of the memorials. The monstrous mass of ungainly timber that defaces the west entrance to Westminster Abbey has been there without alteration for at least six months.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—A general meeting of the subscribers was held at the Committee-room, No. 32, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, on Friday evening, the 18th of November, Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, P.R.A., President, in the chair, and which was fully attended by the subscribers. James Hargrave Mann, Esq., O.P., addressed the meeting, and stated that the purpose for which they were called that evening was either to confirm or reject the resolutions that had been recommended by the Council to the annual general meeting of the subscribers in August last, and then unanimously carried. First, "To change the time of the annual general meeting from August to February in each year." Secondly, "To direct relief to be distributed to applicants quarterly instead of half-yearly." After explanations had been asked and replied to, the meeting confirmed the previous minutes. The chairman informed the meeting that £1,028 had been distributed to seventy-two applicants during the present year.

VERONESE OR HOGARTH? (!)—The query is a curious one, but it is suggested by two sketches in the possession of Mr. Hogarth, of the Haymarket. They are painted in oil, upon paper, and are entirely initiatory essays with a view to large panel pictures. They were sold at Christie's as by Paul Veronese; but so unique, so single-handed, was he, even in his sketches, that scarce a doubt could even arise as to anything from his hand; his shot-silks, reflexes, and transparent lights are distinct characteristics of all his works, but in these sketches they do not appear. There are, however, figures in both sketches so like others in 'The Harlot's Progress,' 'The Rake's Progress,' and 'Marriage à la Mode,' that there are strong presumptions in favour of Hogarth's being the author of the sketches. The subject of the more remarkable of the two is the presentation of the head of St. John in the charger—a theme for which Hogarth, it may be thought, would have had no feeling, and which he never would have been rash enough to have treated. But Hogarth once contemplated the decoration of St. Paul's, and the story he selected was the life of St. John, and the similarity of certain of the figures and groups to others in the works named, induces a supposition that these two sketches may have been by him, in preparation for the proposed series. Paper is the material on which they are painted, and the oil having been absorbed, the colours are all but as fresh and brilliant as when first executed. This touches upon the much vexed question of absorbent grounds, and illustrates the truth that pictures, of which the oil rises to the surface, as does that on all ordinary grounds, become yellow; while those in which the oil sinks into the material on which

they are painted, retain a fresh and brilliant surface as long as they exist.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A public meeting has been held with a view to resuscitate this institution; it was presided over by the excellent and patriotic gentleman—Samuel Gurney. The object is to form a joint stock company (limited liability) to purchase the old concern, and to form a "new" institution, under judicious and liberal management. We earnestly hope this project will succeed. It would be a disgrace to the Metropolis to suffer so useful an establishment to fail for lack of funds; the good it has effected has been immense, it may yet achieve services even greater. But apart from all other considerations, there is no doubt that it may be made remunerative: surely the "utilitarian" principle is spreading; there is a daily increasing desire to become acquainted with facts in science and in Art—to know "the why and the because" of everything. Knowledge has been here made not only easy, but agreeable; winding its way through pleasant paths, cheering and amusing as it proceeded, delighting while instructing.

THE NORTHWICK GIULIO ROMANO.—This picture is now in the National Gallery, and it looks much more pure and brilliant than it did when in the possession of its late owner. The subject is 'The Infancy of Jupiter.' The locality is an islet rock, where the infant, sleeping in a wicker basket, is tended and anxiously watched by nymphs. It is not a specimen of the best style of the master. The figures are feebly drawn, without grace, and the poses do not evidence any apprehension of the beauties of form. Portions of the ground and foliage composition are unexceptionable, but it is probable that that part of the picture has been executed by some one of Raffaele's pupils who devoted himself to this department of study.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.—We are anxious to learn what this once active and energetic institution is doing, now that it is established in what we suppose is a condition for the most unrestricted freedom of action at South Kensington. Unlike a celebrated cardinal in one respect, but in another in exact accordance with what Shakspeare has written of him, it *lives, and makes no sign*. We explored its crowded gallery the other day, but without any satisfactory, much less any gratifying, result. Casts in endless abundance and infinite variety we found scattered on every side, in what might be picturesque confusion, but which could by no possible means be of any real and practical service to students. Then there are cases full of objects, which have but little business where they so effectually block up the little space that the casts had left unoccupied. And, over head, a long series of fancifully illuminated brass rubbings, in a very unattractive fashion misrepresent the curious and often historically interesting originals. Perhaps the committee will explain all this that may be seen in their gallery, and also all that is wanting there, including the absence of students. We should be particularly grateful too for some information relative to certain prize designs in plaster, and some competitive wood-carvings, that are exhibited in the gallery. Are they, we venture to ask, the architectural results of the institution?

SNOW-CRYSTAL GAS DEVICES.—The first application of the exquisite crystalline forms exhibited by snow-flakes to the production of a gas device, has been attended with the most complete success. It was suggested by Mr. Nasmyth, and has been placed under his direction in the midst of the central transept of the Crystal Palace. The design may be described as a star of ten divergent radii, of which five are longer than the remainder, the longer and the shorter radii alternating, and all of them being feathered towards the extremity. The gas is emitted from small piercings, which are in close juxtaposition on either side of the tubes, and range over the entire figure. The effect thus obtained is singularly beautiful, while the light emitted is at once powerful and evenly diffused. The small size of the several jets secures to them a delicate white line of colour, and their propinquity imparts a rich brilliancy to the whole device. This is an example that will assuredly be followed, not only in the production of gas devices, but in other manufactures also which may find in the crystals of snow both forms and suggestions for decoration. One thing, at all events, is to be ex-

pected from Mr. Nasmyth's successful experiment—a happy revolution, that is, in what have hitherto been held to be decorative devices for gas illuminations. The stereotyped forms may now be laid aside, and the exhaustless store of artistic combinations which nature has laid open before the manufacturer, may be substituted in their stead. Our readers will not have forgotten the engravings of snow-crystals that appeared some time back in the *Art-Journal*, accompanied with remarks upon their beauty and suggestions for their application in various branches of manufacturing Art.

ANILINE DYES.—A short time since we gave some account of the dyes prepared from coal-tar. By a simple modification, some very beautiful violet and lilac dyes have been obtained from the original mauve, or Perkins's purple. To a salt of aniline in solution an equal quantity by measure of acetic acid is added, and to this a solution of the hypochlorite of lime is added; this produces the new and beautiful dye. If a mixture of aniline and anhydrous bichloride of tin is boiled for a quarter of an hour, the solution assumes, first, a yellow colour; it then acquires a reddish tint, and eventually becomes a beautiful red. This red colouring-matter can be separated in a solid form, and, when required for use, is readily dissolved in water. These colours are called by the inventor *fuchsianine*, from their resemblance to the colour of the *fuchsia*.

THE CERAMIC COURT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE has recently received very important accessions to its contents, and its various collections have been newly arranged. The glass cases also have received the promised fresh linings of new velvet, and the whole court is in a condition which claims from us a decided expression of approval. From the first, this Ceramic Court was an example of what we had hoped the Crystal Palace ere this would have accomplished in the case of every important Art-manufacture of our times; it has been an admirable exponent of the fictile art, showing under what aspect its productions appeared in ages past away; and at the same time exemplifying, with fidelity and completeness, the development and present condition of this important art amongst ourselves and our contemporaries. This is precisely what the Crystal Palace, as we trust, will still effect in illustration of the other Art-industries, which divide with the ceramic art the attention of the civilized world. We understand that Mr. Battam will be enabled to introduce some other costly works, of equal rarity and beauty, in the course of the coming spring; and it is with much satisfaction we add that a handbook of the Ceramic Court is at length in actual preparation. Such a handbook ought to have appeared almost simultaneously with the first opening of the Ceramic Court, and it might have already accomplished much for the advancement of the art. As it is, its presence may compensate for the delay in its appearance by the experience and the prolonged observation, the fruits of which will, undoubtedly, be apparent in its pages. This handbook will consist of an illustrated historical and descriptive notice of the practice of the ceramic art in all countries, and at every period; and with this memoir will be associated a detailed description of the Ceramic Court and its contents.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.—The exhibition of this society for 1860 will be held at the gallery of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours, No. 53, Pall Mall. It will be opened in the first week of February, and will continue open until required for the exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours. The secretary is Mrs. E. D. Murray, No. 8, Dorset Place, Dorset Square.

ARTISTS' ORPHAN ASYLUM.—Although we are not in a condition to report any special result as regards the project to found an asylum for the orphan children of artists, we are authorised to say that applications have received so many replies as to render ultimate success more than probable.

THE GRAPHIC SOCIETY.—On the evening of the 14th of December, the first meeting of the season took place at the London University. The exhibition of drawings and other works of Art contained some attractive productions, but the catalogue was not so copious as we have seen it; this is, however, not unusual on the first meeting of the season.

REVIEWS.

SCOTLAND DELINEATED: A Series of Views of the Principal Cities and Towns; of the Cathedrals, Abbeys, Castles, and Baronial Mansions; and of the Mountains, Rivers, Sea-coast, and other grand and picturesque Scenery. By JOHN PARKER LAWSON, M.A. Published by DAY and SON, London.

This is a really splendid volume, sufficiently large, without being inconveniently unwieldy, abounding in well-selected and pleasantly-written historical and descriptive passages, and illustrated by no less than seventy-two lithographs, after artists of the highest celebrity, executed in tinted lithography in Day's best manner. It would indeed be strange were not this work to enjoy a distinguished popularity, as well to the south as to the north of the Tweed. It deserves to be popular, and that it will be estimated and dealt with in accordance with its merits, we entertain no doubt.

Mr. Lawson has selected his subjects with equal taste and discrimination, and he has interwoven with much skill the most memorable incidents of Scottish history with the fairest and most romantic scenes in that

"Land of the mountain and the flood;"

and the admirable lithographs range well and harmoniously with the text. The two equally contribute to the production of the work. It is not, in this instance, an excellent collection of engravings, to which some text has been adapted as best it might; nor are the engravings simply the subordinate auxiliaries of a book that might have been considered complete without them: but each had its own important division of a common duty to discharge, and each has accomplished its own task with complete success. Edinburgh, with its historical Castle, with the Palace of Holyrood, and the Canongate, and the Wynd, and other well-known localities and scenes in and about "Auld Reekie," occupy the post of honour at the commencement of the volume. Then the reader is carried to Roslin, Crichton, Linlithgow, fatal Preston-pans, Tantallon, the Bass Rock, Dryburgh, Melrose, Kelso, Jedburgh, Rothsay, Loch Lomond, Staffa, Balmoral, Elgin, Benmore, Loch Katrine, St. Andrews, and along the Clyde to Loch Leven, Glencoe, and Stirling,—a very pleasant tour, whether accomplished in *propria persona*, or by the fire-side, by the instrumentality of Mr. Lawson's volume.

COMMON WAYSIDE FLOWERS. By THOMAS MILLER. Illustrated by BIRKET FOSTER. Published by ROUTLEDGE & Co., London.

"Common Wayside Flowers:" we should have liked the title of this charming volume better if the word "common" had been omitted, and it had been simply "Wayside Flowers;" but we must not stumble at a straw where the fruitage to be gathered is so beautiful and so abundant. The cover of this lovely book is exceedingly elegant and appropriate: an ornament, containing the title, divides it into four compartments; each is enriched by coloured groups of the flowers our childhood loved so well: this part of the work is highly creditable to the skill and taste of the binders, Messrs. Bone and Son. No matter how much in riper years our love of floriculture has drawn us from the meadow to the parterre, from the parterre to the conservatory, no flowers blossom in our memory like those in the "nut-tree copse," or the "willow acre;" no forget-me-nots so blue, no cowslips so sweet, as those collected in the early morning of life, when, bedabbled with dew, and after struggling through a wilderness, we stood "breast high" among buttercups, grasped the luscious clover blossoms with eager hands, and enthroned ourselves on banks of the wild violet. We render the homage of admiration to cultivated flowers, but the affections of our heart are with the "wayside flowers" of our childhood.

The letter-press has been written by a loving hand—one who has found the flowers in their native homes, and read them in their shadows and sunshine—beside the brooks—on the hill-side, from the budding spring to the last hours of autumn. All honour to Thomas Miller, to his industry and diligence; his heart has been as open as his eyes. He revels in the perfume and beauty of the natural world, and bids others to the banquet. We wish we could tempt our readers to its full enjoyment by a sample of its quality, and are strongly inclined to quote some of the passages, particularly the observations on "foliage and its functions;" but we lack space, and our friends must take our word for it that the volume is well worth double its price.

The illustrations, by Birket Foster, are most tastefully arranged, and in general faithful. We note the "Dandelion," and the "Wood Anemone," as exquisite specimens of fidelity and delicacy, but protest against those starved cowslips. We would not have given place to such in our cowslip balls, and would hardly have considered his primroses worth gathering. But how delicious are his wild roses! what a tempting wreath of honeysuckle! and the water-lilies absolutely float upon the page!

MEMOIRS OF EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS, AND OF THE PROGRESS OF PAINTING IN ITALY, FROM CIMABUE TO BASSANO. By MRS. JAMESON. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

This is a new edition of a work first published about fourteen years ago, and written, as Mrs. Jameson says, with the intention of affording "young travelers, young students in Art, young people generally, some information relating to celebrated artists, who have filled the world with their names and their renown; some means of understanding their characters, as well as comparing their works." A re-issue of the "Memoirs" has become a necessity from various causes, from the accession, within the last few years, of so many pictures by the Italian painters to our National Gallery, the re-arrangement of some of the continental galleries where others were hung when the book was first published, and by the increasing disposition to travel abroad for pleasure or profit. Mrs. Jameson has, therefore, revised it very carefully, enlarged the biographies and added new ones, so as to make it a complete *gradus* to a knowledge of Italian Art, and one admirably adapted to the comprehension of the young student and amateur, for it is written with a remarkable freedom from technicalities, considered as a professional work, and with all the graces of style and language for which the author is distinguished. No one ever can accuse Mrs. Jameson of *dilettantism*.

CEYLON, AN ACCOUNT OF THE ISLAND, PHYSICAL, HISTORICAL, AND TOPOGRAPHICAL. By SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, K.C.S., LL.D., &c. Illustrated. Published by LONGMAN and Co., London.

Few books have been issued in our time at once so interesting and so useful as this. The public voice has been loud and hearty in its praise, and, although a costly work, a new edition has followed a first with singular rapidity,—a cheering fact in these days, when the ministers of wholesome intellectual food are few, and labour against many discouragements. Sir Emerson Tennent is a scholar, a man of letters, a close observer, a clear reasoner, and, in all respects, a valuable public servant, whose contributions to literature, to science, and to history, are, and will always be, of exceeding value. Ceylon has been hitherto little known "at home;" it will now be well known, its capabilities rightly estimated, its advantages and disadvantages thoroughly understood. It would be apart from our purpose to review this admirable book in detail; that task has been amply discharged by many leading periodical works; but it is a pleasant duty to join the general "hail," and to place on record the intense gratification derived from the perusal of volumes so interesting and so instructive, affording such ample evidence of sound practical knowledge, abundantly illustrated by rarely curious anecdotes, combined with a charm of "style" that might have rendered the book popular with a tithe of the valuable matter it contains. We might, however, but that our space this month is much absorbed by many topics, enter at length into an examination of those chapters which relate to "manufactures," the "working of metals," and "the Fine Arts" in Ceylon. With their carvings in ivory and in sandal-wood, and especially in ebony, we are in England somewhat acquainted: they are often graceful in design and surpassingly fine in execution. The history of their birth and progress, and present state, in our far away colony, may lead perhaps to more important results than even their author anticipates. This brief notice of a valuable book is all we can give it; but it needs no more. It will be read everywhere, not only with profit, but with delight.

FIRST VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA TO HER WOUNDED SOLDIERS. Painted by BARRETT. Engraved by T. O. BARLOW. Published by AGNEW and Sons, Manchester.

To say the least, this is a very interesting print; a worthy and becoming record of a touching incident; a lesson to humanity; a help to loyalty. The scene takes place in the Military Hospital at Brompton, where the wounded in the Crimea were received and tenderly cared for after their return from

"Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman!"—names imperishable in British history. The Queen of England resolved herself to see the brave men who had fought for their country. It is easy to imagine the pride and comfort they received from such a visit;—what a recompence for the past; what encouragement for the future! Who shall say to what victories such an event may lead hereafter, when the maimed at Chelsea talk with young recruits, and, as they shoulder their crutches to "show how fields were won," speak of the honour accorded to private soldiers, when their beloved Mistress saw herself how they were cared for when their work was done! The picture is skilfully and well painted, the grouping good and effective, the several portraits sufficiently accurate, and it has been engraved with much ability. The print is valuable to all orders and classes, and will be a treasure hereafter, when the band of brave men are dust, and they have found their places in history. It is a noble and truly national work, and regarded merely as a production of Art, is of much merit. Mr. Barrett has augmented his high reputation by this effort of well-directed talent; and he has been ably supported by the engraver, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for the ability of this portion of an important task. It is surely to the honour of provincial publishers that so good a work has issued from their house.

NEW EXEGESIS OF SHAKSPEARE: interpretation of his Plays on the principle of Races. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

An addition to our ethnology and æsthetics, as well as to our Shaksperian literature. If "vieux Guillaume," as Jules Janin familiarly calls our great bard, could for one moment see the large library of books which his plays have created, how great would be his astonishment! perhaps the most remarkable feature of the series would be its diversity. While artists illustrate his topography, or give portraits of his characters, antiquaries note his allusions to the manners of his eras, philologists descend on his language, and philosophers on his profound views of the human heart, entomologists treat of his insects, botanists of his flowers, even lawyers speculate on the probability of his clerkship with an attorney, because of the clearness of his legal phraseology—it was reserved for modern scholars to follow the bias of the German school, and look to the wondrous fitness of thought, word, and action, in his character. The present volume is a deep study of this kind; and it is not a little curious to note how completely, in his great characters, Iago, Hamlet, Macbeth, and Shylock, the author establishes his theory of their accurate portrayal of race in its great governing mental action. Though our author occasionally is betrayed into a grandiloquent obscurity of words, a little too much of Germanism and transcendental philosophy, he very successfully argues his postulate—that not only is every word and action of the poet's great characters in keeping with themselves, but also with the grand features of the race—Celtic, Teutonic, or Italic—to which they belong. The author is singularly free in his mode of treating his subject, and "the great Anglo-Saxon race," as it is popularly termed, receives some hard hits, which may occasion useful thinking. The book is altogether to be thought over, each page is fraught with matter; and the volume is a new proof of the inexhaustibility of Shaksperian study.

STORIES OF INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS IN SCIENCE AND THE USEFUL ARTS. A Book for Old and Young. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. Published by KENT & Co., London.

Mr. Timbs is an indefatigable caterer of intellectual food, and his table is always spread with that which pleases and nourishes the mind. England is especially interested in the history of great inventors and discoverers, for many of the greatest are her own sons, who have enriched her as a country, and elevated her among the nations of the world. Mr. Timbs's heroes show a large proportion of Britons who have earned a world-wide reputation for their scientific labours; and his record of what they have done, and of what men in foreign countries have also effected, is full and comprehensive. The names and facts brought forward evince vast industry and research on the part of the compiler, whose book is literally what he calls it—one "for old and young;" both may profit by its perusal, the former by acquiring information which long years, perhaps, have not hitherto taught them, while the latter will derive from it a stimulus to industry and mental improvement. A new generation of men eminent for scientific attainments may arise from the practical lessons learned in these entertaining and instructive stories.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By JOHN BUNYAN. With Forty Illustrations Drawn by JOHN GILBERT, and Engraved by W. H. WHYMPER. Published by NISBET & Co., London.

Will the world ever tire of reading "honest John Bunyan's" wonderful allegory? certainly publishers do not think it can, by any possibility, pall upon the intellectual appetite, for in some form or other it is constantly appearing before the public. The new edition just issued by Messrs. Nisbet is in every way an inviting book, though in profusion and elegance of illustration, it may not be compared with some of its predecessors. Mr. Gilbert's versatile pencil is seen to great advantage in a few of the woodcuts; with others he has not been quite so fortunate, and seems to have lost sight of the *spirituality* of the text. The whole is admirably engraved by Mr. Whympier, and the book is as admirably printed by Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh.

SACRED POEMS. By N. PARKER WILLIS. Published by CLARK, AUSTIN, & SMITH, New York.

A Christmas-book from the other side of the Atlantic, and a charming book too; pure and holy in thought, sweet in expression, and illustrated in a style that shows Art as making good progress among our American brethren. Mr. Willis's poetry has long met with a cordial reception in English homes, and this republication, in an elegant volume, of most of his sacred effusions will find a still more genial welcome among us. The woodcuts are numerous, and are, generally, excellent in design and very well engraved, so well as to be worthy of some of our best "hands;" but the printer has scarcely done justice to the engravers' work, the delicacy of which is too frequently lost in the heaviness of the printing; as a consequence, some of the cuts are unpleasantly black, while the gradations of distance are lost.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA. By H. W. LONGFELLOW. Illustrated from designs by G. W. THOMAS; and Engraved on wood by W. THOMAS and H. HARRAL. Published by KENT & Co., London.

The admirers of Longfellow's muse, as expressed in the wild and peculiar Song of Hiawatha, will give a hearty welcome to this elegant edition of the poem, which is "got up" in the true Christmas-book style, as to paper, printing, binding and illustrations. The last, like the verse, are peculiar, because characteristic, as they should be, of the people and country represented.

A BOOK OF FAVOURITE MODERN BALLADS. Illustrated with Fifty Engravings, from Drawings by the First Artists. Published by KENT & Co., London.

Another very beautiful volume intended to find a place, as it must, among the gift-books of the year,—memorials of love and friendship, valued both for their own intrinsic worth and for the sake of the donors. If, to adopt the not most comprehensive and suitable term which appears on the title-page, the illustrations are by the "first" artists, the ballads laid under contribution are by the "first" lyric writers—Scott, Burns, Rogers, Longfellow, Southey, Campbell, Fraed, Hood, Mrs. Norton, Macaulay, Barry Cornwall, and numerous others. The artists whose names appear in the list of Art-contributors, are Cope, Horsley, Birket Foster, Harrison Weir, Duncan, W. Harvey, G. H. Thomas, Corbould, and many more. The illustrations are printed in a warm tint, somewhat darker than the paper, and are heightened with white—a mode which imparts to them a very rich effect. The ornamental gold borders round each page, and the head and tail-pieces, are designed by A. H. Warren: they are exceedingly pretty and chaste.

THE LAKE SCENERY OF ENGLAND. By J. B. PYNE. Drawn on Stone by T. PICKEN. Published by DAY & SON, London.

This is a small copy of the large and costly work, with which some of our readers are, no doubt, familiar. It is now more easily accessible, and forms a charming volume for the drawing-room table—being gracefully bound, and very beautifully printed. The prints are in chromo-lithography, and supply us with a charming series of views of the leading attractions of our English lakes; their hills, and dells, and waterfalls; their rocky prominences and steep crags; their fine woods and lovely valleys, and the broad sheets of water they enclose. The letter-press has been carefully written, we know not by whom; it is full of quotations from Wordsworth, and other poets of our epoch, who have made "the Lakes" famous in immortal verse.

DOGS OF ST. BERNARD, from the Picture by Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A. Published by G. BAXTER, London.

This, so far as we recollect, is the largest print executed by Mr. Baxter's patented process of oil-colour printing; and a remarkably clever copy of the original it is, even with due allowance for the peculiarity of the method by which it is produced. The inferiority of oil-printing to chromo-lithography appears to lie in the absence of transparency, and a consequent heaviness of colour, especially in distances, subjected to considerable atmospheric influences. Here, for example, the rocks to the right, in the upper portion of the picture, do not keep their proper places, they come too close to the eye of the spectator, and seem ready to topple down on the animal in the foreground—a real, live dog, whose deep bay one almost hears, as its echoes bring forth from their solitary dwelling the recluses of St. Bernard, who are hastening to the spot where the dogs watch beside the snow-covered traveller, benumbed, and to all appearance, dead. The original picture is one of Landseer's most poetically treated subjects, and, painful as it is, this reproduction will find many admirers, for, independent of its excellence as a copy, anything from our great animal-painter is sure to find "troops of friends;" and this deserves them.

METRICAL TALES, AND OTHER POEMS. By SAMUEL LOVER. Published by HOULSTON & WRIGHT, London.

This is a beautifully printed volume, charmingly illustrated by Harvey, Brown, Skill, Skelton, and our old friend Kenny Meadows, whom we have missed too much from the volumes that herald Christmas; they have found engravers who are worthy associates. Mr. Lover holds high rank among lyric poets: the drawing-rooms of "all England" are familiar with his songs, but not more so than the streets and alleys, for they have long been the staple of the hurdy-gurdy. He excels in humour—he more than excels in pathos: we may laugh with him when he details the troubles that beset the wooer of "Molly Carew," but he has higher reward when exciting our sympathies—"moving to tears"—in the "Angel's Whisper." He has written much and well, and keeps honourably the place he obtained in public favour. In this graceful book he essays loftier efforts; the poems are Irish metrical tales, full of point and feeling, very interesting, and charmingly composed. They may not equal his lesser lyrics, but they will add to rather than take from his reputation.

THE TURNER GALLERY. With Descriptions by R. N. WORNUM. Part V. Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

Vires acquirit eundo is the motto which should be written on the cover of this publication, for each part of it seems to excel its predecessors, and this must be the truthful verdict which any one would pronounce on a careful examination of the numbers already issued. The first plate of Part V. is "The Grand Canal, Venice," engraved by E. Brandard from the picture in the possession of H. A. J. Munro, Esq.; it is a brilliant print, glittering with sunlight, which sparkles on gondola and its gay freight, on water and stately palace. "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," that most strangely poetical of all Turner's poetical compositions, comes next; it is very delicately engraved by E. Goodall, who has preserved the fiery atmosphere of the picture with great truth. And, lastly, there is another of the painter's mystical fancies, "Apollo killing the Python," engraved by L. Stocks, A.R.A.: what a savage grandeur there is in the whole scene, rude, gloomy, and almost unearthly; the "god of the silver bow" the only object whereon one can look without a nervous shudder. The Satan of Milton's imagination is not a more hideous monster of the poet's fancy than is the gigantic Python of the painter's. How diverse the operation of the mind that could at one time depict the glorious, though decaying, substantialities of Venetian architecture, and at another the vague, unreal monstrosities of classic mythology.

LATIMER PREACHING AT ST. PAUL'S CROSS TO THE CITY AUTHORITIES. Painted by Sir GEORGE HAYTER. Engraved by EGLETON. Published by GRAVES & Co., London.

There is considerable "learning" manifested in this work, and it is obviously the production of an artist who has studied much and well; the best authorities have been consulted, several remarkable and interesting personages of the period are introduced, and the theme is one of the loftiest and most inviting that a painter could select. The groups

seem a little overthronged, and there is in the composition more appeal to the mind than to the heart. It is, however, full of character and incident, and is unquestionably calculated to uphold the high reputation of the artist in works of this class. We recall with a happy memory his first great production, the "Trial of Lord William Russell," issued—we care not to say how long ago.

THE ALLIED GENERALS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL. Painted by T. JONES BARKER. Engraved by C. G. LEWIS. Published by AGNEW & SONS, Manchester.

Although the war in the Crimea is now a theme for history, it is still "green in our memory," and there are tens of thousands who are interested in its details. This print is an assemblage of portraits, skilfully and most ingeniously brought together by an artist who is unrivalled in this way. Nearly all the persons represented sat to him, and he had the valuable aid of Mr. Fenton in reference to minor accessories. The result is, therefore, a print of very great—of universal—interest to those who in any degree shared the glories, the sorrows, or the rewards of the war. The "portraits" are no fewer in number than eighty, to say nothing of such as are subordinate to the scene. Among them are, of course, those of Lord Raglan, Marshal Pelissier, Prince Napoleon, and the Duke of Cambridge, and that heroic woman, Florence Nightingale, whose deeds of mercy make the heart of every British subject beat with pride and with affection.

SHAKESPEARE IN HIS STUDY.—MILTON IN HIS STUDY. Painted by JOHN FAED. Engraved by JAMES FAED. Published by GRAVES and Co., London.

A pretty and pleasant "pair of prints," in which the artist has permitted scope to fancy: they are especially suited to a library, and excellently engraved; indeed, it would be difficult to find two more agreeable companions to thought, or more desirable suggestions to study. If the artist has "imagined," he has also read and considered: consulting such "authorities" as enabled him to arrive at right conclusions, and having just conceptions of the great minds he had to picture by Art.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS. By the Author of "MARY POWELL." Published by ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE & Co., London.

The author of "Mary Powell" is the most industrious of all our writers. "The small things" that crowd this volume, and render it a pleasant fire-side book, are the hourly thoughts and feelings, rather than actions, of an invalid, who suffers patiently and in a truly Christian spirit, knowing that sunshine must hereafter come. Such experiences are great helps to the suffering and the weary, showing so evidently the under-current, that has greater influence over the larger, and more evident, manifestations of life than is generally believed. Yet, after all, it is a sort of pen and ink *Pre-Raphaelitism*—jotting down every straw and pebble, every petal of the daisy, every worm-hole in the rose leaf—and however exquisitely finished, we cannot help wishing that the author of "Mary Powell" would take broader views of life and nature than she has lately done: she is narrowing her sphere, cramping her imagination, drawing herself down to the small things of the present, when we desire to partake of her rich banquet of the past. We are thankful for what we have, yet we long for something different.

EVENINGS AT HADDON HALL. With Illustrations by GEORGE CATTERMOLE. Published by H. G. BOHN, London.

We have here a series of some twenty line engravings, small, but exceedingly beautiful, bearing the names of many of the best engravers of the country. They have done duty under other circumstances, and are here supplied for the sum of four shillings: thus the collection is marvellously cheap. We confess that, to our minds, the series would be still cheaper if issued without the letter-press; for although the tales that accompany the prints profess to be written by "competent authors," they are of little worth.

THE ARTIST: A Narrative from "The Fine Arts." Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

A pleasantly written little story, the idea of which is borrowed from a chapter on the Fine Arts, published in a work entitled "Common Sense;" it narrates the history of a young artist's struggles in life.

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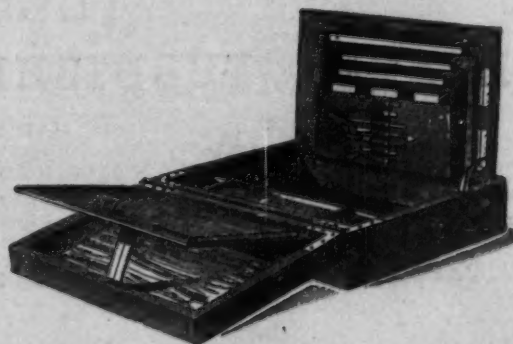
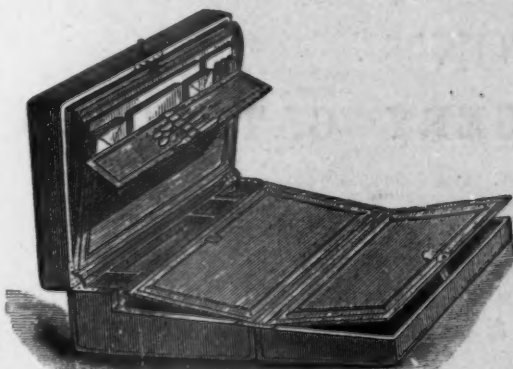
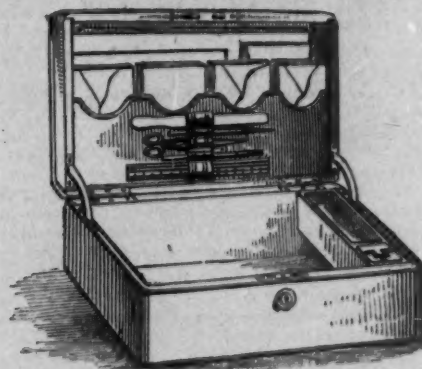
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12 Tea Spoons	9 3 0	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 10 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls	0 12 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	1 1 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 7 0	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 10 0
1 Gravy Spoon	0 8 0	0 11 0	0 13 0	0 10 0
3 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls	0 4 0	0 5 0	0 5 0	0 7 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl	0 3 0	0 3 0	0 3 0	0 3 0
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs	0 3 0	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 7 0
1 Pair of Fish Carvers	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 13 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 7 0	0 8 0
1 Soup Ladle	0 13 0	0 17 0	1 0 0	1 1 0
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